AGENTS Owing to Easter Holidays, next week's Double Number will be on Sale on Thursday. | MIDDLES 1st PRIZE £300 AND 1,400 OTHER CASH PRIZES.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1184. | REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. | WEEK ENDING MARCH 22, 1913. | PRICE ONE PENNY.

DUNVILLE'S V R WHISKY

Insist on seeing "BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd.," on the Capsule and Back Label.

May be obtained from all Wine and Spirit Merchants in 3, 6, and 12 Bottle Cases.

Write direct for name of nearest retailer to

DUNVILLE & Co. Ltd., BELFAST or LONDON.

"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

The quality of these excellent Virginia Cigarettes is in every way equal to those usually sold at the rate of 10 for 3d.

You may smoke "Country Life" Cigarettes with the full confidence that you are smoking a really good Virginia Cigarette.

10 FOR 2½d. 50 FOR 1/-

N.B.— Medium strength in blue packets, Mild strength (slightly larger) in pink.

P274

THE-TIN-YOU CON-TIN-UE.

Fry's PURE BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

"Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

4½d. per ¼lb. tin.

(The Yellow and Red Label.) "THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.

We send out the finest lot of patterns of any tailor.

Every suit made to measure.

Fit - Style Comfort - Value

These are the four chief points to insist upon having in your Suit for Spring and Summer wear.

Catesbys Ltd. would consider their work incomplete if all these points were not characteristic of every article of clothing they create. The cumulative experience of extensive trading tells them what are the distinctive features of *satisfactory* clothing, and they make according. ¶ Whatever the price you pay, we fit you perfectly, supply the most up-to-date distinctiveness in style; the comfort of soft and durable material; faultless workmanship even to the most obscure stitch; and absolute value all combine in making the "Burlington" Suit "something different." If only one characteristic were missing Catesbys Ltd. would be ordinary tailors—nothing more.

Send for our Catalogue, you will quickly recognise the service we offer is unique, and the claims we make are true.

The fact that we return your money if your expectations are not met emphasises our determination to satisfy you. Our cash discount is 2s. in the £. Say whether dark or light patterns are desired.

"BURLINGTON" SUIT.

Made to Measure. **35/-** Easy Terms.

Write for patterns at once. With patterns and simple self-measurement form we send a splendidly illustrated book of styles.

CATESBYS LTD.

(DEPT. 7),

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BE ASSURED that TO INSURE with the

OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE Corporation Ltd., Moorgate St., London,

secures

EASE OF MIND,

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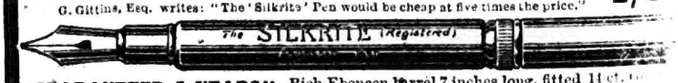
TEN MILLIONS PAID IN CLAIMS.

DISHES FRA' YORKSHIRE YOU WILL LIKE THEM. SEE 1d. HOME COOKERY 1d.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ZIG-ZAG BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

The "SILKRITE" SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen, Post Free, 1/6

G. Gittins, Esq. writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price."



GUARANTEED 5 YEARS!! Rich Ebonoen barrel 7 inches long, fitted 14 ct. gold plated nib; fills itself in two seconds!

The Countess of Winchelsea encloses P.O. 1/6 for "Silkrite" Pen. M. G. Powell, Esq., writes: "Equals any other make at 10/-!" F. W. Hyde, Esq., writes: "Four more 'Silkrites'; like them as well as anything I have tried."

Testimonials and Catalogue, 1,000 Bargains in Jewellery and Novelties, Post Free.

The LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 4), 5 Richmond Road, LEEDS.

OUR EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER WILL BE OUT NEXT THURSDAY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1184. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 22, 1913. ONE PENNY.

The Right Snail to Eat

RECENTLY a teacher was reprimanded for offering one of her pupils a penny to eat a snail. It happened to be just an ordinary snail, and the teacher confessed that she did not know at the time that the snails people ate were of a different kind.

The edible snail is a very different kind of snail from that which the average man is continually clearing out of his back garden, though it is rather similar in appearance. It is, however, about five times as large as the ordinary garden snail. The best for the table come from Burgundy, where they are gathered by the hundred thousand in the vineyards.

These snails during the season cost from fivepence to sixpence a dozen. A dozen snails form just an appetiser, as it were, before a meal. The season lasts from November to February, those months when the snail buries itself underground to pass the winter.

Another mistake the teacher made, besides choosing the wrong kind of snail, was to get one of her pupils to eat it raw. Edible snails are never eaten raw, but are always grilled or boiled.

They are cooked and eaten in various ways. In Paris a dozen snails are served piping hot on a dish, and they are extracted from their shells with a special snail fork and eaten whole. In parts of France the cooked dainty is chopped up with butter and herbs before being eaten. In Marseilles the snails are steeped for one or two days in milk to make their flesh tender.

THEY were talking about trees.

"My favourite," she said, "is the oak. It is so noble, so magnificent in its strength! But what is your favourite?"

"Yew," he replied.

Soft Shoes - Sweet Temper

AT first it may seem incredible to you that your footwear has any effect on your mind, but if you give the matter a little consideration you will soon be quite ready to acknowledge that this is so.

For instance, it is quite a common thing for women to say they feel intellectual as soon as they don a pair of boots, and if this idea is carried further you will quickly see that every kind of footwear is conducive to a particular mood.

Dancing slippers invariably create a flippant, happy state of mind, and in many people a mood for flirtation. They certainly encourage a girl to be light-hearted and gay.

Now bedroom slippers have a very different effect. Those delicious, cosy things are conducive, of course, to laziness and a comfortable, sleepy state of mind. At night their effect is very soothing, but in the morning more often than not they make one feel slovenly and utterly devoid of self-respect.

There are some people—to wit, the over-energetic and restless creatures—whom you must sometimes long to see in bedroom slippers. As they tear about the house, fussing over themselves and all around them, you cannot help feeling that if they would only kick off those noisy shoes and slip their feet into soft slippers, they would be as optimistic and as peaceable as our old friend, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

A CLEAR CASE.

A COUNTRY yokel, who had just joined the police force and who was eager for his first case, saw a man driving a water-cart along the road, and, noticing the water running out to water the roads, he followed up behind the cart.

Just then the driver turned the water off, and went along the road. In a short time he turned the water on again to lay the dust.

This was more than the young officer could stand, so, touching the driver on the arm, he said, "I want your name and address. At first I thought the cart was leaking, but I see now you are doing it on purpose!"

LOOK OUT FOR OUR

EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER

IT WILL CONTAIN—

THE TERROR BY NIGHT:
An enthralling airship serial story telling of Britain's coming conflict with Germany.

CONFESSIONS OF THE KING'S BOOTMAKER:
A new series by Samuel Bulley, the man who has made boots for Royalty for the last thirty years.

£500 FOOTBALL PRIZE:
Two entry coupons—instead of one—will be given away in every copy of "Pearson's Weekly."

THE GARB OF SHAME:
An excellent illustrated article showing the various dresses worn by convicts.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP:
An extra long instalment.

ADVENTURES OF A LADY DETECTIVE:
Maud West, the famous lady inquiry agent, relates for the first time the story of some of her most interesting cases.

TRAINING FOR THE CUP:
A picture article showing just how cup teams are brought up to the mark.

PINCHER'S EASTER EPISODE:
By C. Malcolm Hincks. This story shows the entertaining little burglar at his best.

"MIDDLES":
More Big Prizes given away in the easiest of all competitions.

A number of short holiday stories
——and holiday articles and ——

£1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE

OUR EASTER NUMBER WILL BE ON SALE NEXT THURSDAY.

THE BRUTE.

SHE had just settled down in the most comfortable chair they possessed to enjoy the latest novel. He knew how comfortable that chair was because he had bought it himself, for himself.

"You are very comfortable, wifey dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are easy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest."

"And there is no draught on my lamb?"

"No, my ownest own."

"Then change seats with me."

'We Don't Like Hanwell'

PERIWINKLE STREET, in Stepney, is going to change its name. The fact is that the inhabitants strongly object when asked "Where do you live?" to hear people laugh when they reply "In Periwinkle Street!" Periwinklians assert that they are made to feel ridiculous and undignified by being forced to live in a street with such a name.

Only two years last August the people in Hanwell petitioned to change the name of the town to Hanwell and Elthorne, as a preliminary to changing it to Elthorne. One of the guardians when putting forward the proposed change of name said, "To say you live in Hanwell is to provoke chaff and ridicule. Even the booking clerk at the railway station gives a quiet snigger when he is asked for a ticket to Hanwell!" By a curious irony of fate Hanwell Lunatic Asylum is not in Hanwell at all, but in the adjoining parish of Norwood.

Few people know that the famous and aristocratic Park Lane was once upon a time Tyburn Street, the road to the gallows! The association of the name was too grim, however, when society began to live there, and Tyburn Street blossomed out into Park Lane.

Roborough, a village about seven miles from Plymouth, was originally known as Jump. A wealthy landowner in the district was expecting a peerage, and, thinking that the name "Baron Jump" would be ridiculous, induced the villagers to alter the name of their place to Roborough.

"YOUNG lady, my wife bought this shirt for me as a Christmas present. Can I change it here?"

"Wh-wh—most certainly not, sir! The dressing room is down the next aisle!"

Beats Standard Bread!

IF the bakers' strike does take place each family will probably be making its own bread as best it can, and there will be some weird loaves turned out of the ovens in that case!

No home-made bread in the world, however, can vie either in indigestibility or usefulness with the small ringed bread of Siberia, probably the most extraordinary bread in the whole world.

When the Russian engineering parties were constructing the Siberian railroad, this white ringed bread was their chief food. As its name implies, it is made in the shape of a ring. It is cooked without salt or yeast, and is first steamed and then lightly baked to expel the moisture. It is eaten and used in a wonderful variety of ways.

During the intensely cold winter months it is soaked in hot tallow for a few moments and then eaten with soup or dipped in tea and swallowed. This tallow bread is considered to be one of the most heat-producing foods in existence.

A curious use to which it is put is as a lamp or stove! Half a dozen or eight holes are bored in the "tallow-ring bread," and wax vestas are placed in them and lighted. This bread stove will burn slowly for about an hour, giving out sufficient heat to boil the necessary water for tea or coffee for half a dozen people.

During the day when time hangs heavily the Siberian peasants play quoits with their ringed bread, the same bread appearing in the soup at the evening meal.

Postal Orders, Watches, Electric Hand-lamps, Sealing Wax Sets, and Blue Bird Brooches offered in this week's footlines.

Need we Fear Airships?

Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., Vice-President of the Royal Aero Club, in a Talk With Mr. P. Doubleyou, Says "Yes."

"If war broke out to-morrow between Great Britain and Germany, we are at present in no sort of position to defend ourselves from air attacks, and we might easily have some first-class battleships put out of action at the start of a war before we realised what was taking place."

Crystallised, this is the grave outstanding message for the British Government and public which Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., Vice-President of the Royal Aero Club, and one of the best-known authorities on aeronautical matters in the country, gave me the other day. We were discussing the possibilities of flying machines, and whether, in view of recent scares, we have really anything to fear from them.

"Of course we have," said Mr. Wallace decisively. "Not so much to fear from aeroplanes as from dirigibles, however. It is the dirigible that will do the damage if Great Britain is ever attacked from the air.

Zeppelin Has Been Encouraged.

"It is no secret to say that for some years the Germans have been experimenting, spending money, and building dirigibles for the purpose of attacking Great Britain if occasion for an attack should ever arise. Zeppelin and other private workers have been encouraged and subsidised by the German Government for the express purpose of getting together a great fleet of armed, steerable balloons for such an eventuality.

"That is, I think, why Germany is agreeable to Mr. Winston Churchill's sixteen to ten navy proposals. They do not, need not, try to catch us up at a greater rate on sea because they know very well that we cannot hope to catch them up now above the sea. They are five years ahead of us in the matter of dirigibles, and their superiority here will make up for their inferiority in ships unless we very soon wake up.

"Now we can never hope, for geographical and other reasons, to equal Germany's fleet of dirigibles, nor do I consider it necessary for us to do so, but we can and must take precautions against them. And the best precaution we can take is to spend about a million pounds in buying armed aeroplanes, training men to fly them—the most important point of all, this—and providing accommodation and bases for them.

We Must Build Aeroplanes.

"We have got three dirigibles of doubtful utility, small ones compared with most of Germany's, and to provide and equip fine large modern ones of the Zeppelin type, would run away with more than a million pounds, considering sheds, loss by failures in construction, and the cost of getting material together for a new industry. But aeroplanes are cheaper and better for our purposes. We could get the sort of machine we want in quantity for about six hundred pounds apiece; five hundred would cost, say, £300,000; and £700,000 spent in equipment sheds and training aviators should render us perfectly safe if the other branches of the service are properly maintained.

"I would station the machines at various bases right round the coast of the country at suitable intervals. Constantly they would fly out into the North Sea and the English Channel, reconnoitring and bringing back reports to the naval and military authorities. When it came—if it did come—to war the duty of the aeroplanes would be to act as scouts and as destroyers of the enemy's dirigibles. They would hover above the big airships and fire at or drop bombs on them.

"The best pattern would, of course, be an air plane which could alight either on land or water. Of course we should have some dirigibles, so as to understand their weak points."

I asked Mr. Wallace exactly what we should have to fear from aircraft in time of war; whether their operations would be confined to attacks against the Army and Navy, or if our towns and lands and houses would be likely to be devastated.

"Chiefly they would try to disable our ships by means of bombs dropped," he said, "but they might try to wreck our docks, arsenals, and wireless telegraphy installations, such as the wireless installation at the Admiralty, Whitehall. No, I do not think they would fly about the country dropping bombs here, there, and everywhere. But if they did, they would be very difficult to hit by gun-fire if they kept high."

On the subject of recent scares, Mr. Wallace showed no sign of alarm.

Getting Their Hand In.

"Whether German airships or aeroplanes have been flying over England lately or not does not greatly matter to my mind, except, of course, that the more you fly over land by night the better you know it in event of emergency.

"We all know that they can fly over us if they want to, and it is more important to have proper means of defence in time of real need than to give way to panic-stricken speculation about the possibility of a happening in which we ought to be returning the compliment."

In next week's Easter Double Number an enthralling airship serial, entitled "The Terror by Night," will commence. It is undoubtedly the best story of war in the air that has ever been written.

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a 'bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W.," who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner, and a big list of winners appears on page 970. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

OPEN CONFESSION, ETC.

"Edith," said Mr. Wineburgh to his wife.

"Yes, John."

"I have something on my mind that I must tell you before I can ever be happy."

"I shall be glad to hear anything you have to say, John."

"It is hard to tell you, but I can't hide the truth any longer. Edith, I married you under false pretences."

"You did?"

"Do you remember what it was that brought us together?"

"Can I ever forget it, John? We were at the bathing beach. I was drowning, and you saved me after I had given myself up for lost."

"And afterwards in gratitude you married me?"

"Yes, I felt that I owed my life to you."

"Edith, I deluded you about that rescue business. Where you believed yourself drowning the water was only waist deep. You were never in danger."

"I knew it, John," she answered. "I had one foot on the bottom all the time."

LADIES

should watch the London

Daily Express

every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.

On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Artificial Horizon.**
2. **Erastian Ideas.**
3. **An Ethiopian Scene.**
4. **Dunmow Flitch.**
5. **Ossa on Pelion.**
6. **Laughing up One's Sleeve.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 25th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 119.

(1) GETTING THE WOODEN SPOON.

This phrase was best explained by the prize-winner, R. A. Brandram, Dulwich College Preparatory School, S.E., who wrote as follows:

By old custom the last of the honours men in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos list was presented with a large wooden spoon. Recent changes have swept away this institution, but the expression remains a synonym for taking the last place in any competition.

(2) PENNY-A-LINER.

For the explanation which follows the prize of 10s. has been awarded to E. H. Evans, Snatchwood School, Pontnewynydd, Pontypool, Mon.

A journalist who is not on the regular staff of any paper, but who "writes up" sensational news, for which he is paid at so much per line. Years ago these hack-writers provided much "copy," but now they are rapidly being superseded by the "Special Correspondent."

(3) MIND YOUR P.'S AND Q.'S.

Miss G. Savage, The College, Seaford, has been awarded the half-guinea prize for the best explanation of this phrase:

Be very careful in your behaviour. In Louis XIV's reign, huge unwieldy wigs were worn, which during the sweeping bows in the dances of the time were apt to overbalance, causing the dancing-master to reiterate frequently: "Mind your P.'s (*pieds*, feet) and Q.'s (*queues*, wigs), gentlemen!"

(4) PEELERS.

In this contest the winning definition was contributed by F. J. Nash, Hazeldean, Upton, Bexley Heath, and was thus worded:

The establishment of the police force by Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, was not altogether welcomed by the people, who contemptuously nicknamed the policemen "Peelers," or "Bobby Peelers," from the founder's name. Nowadays the abbreviated sobriquet "Bobby" used in a more friendly sense, is generally given.

(5) TAWDRY (SAINT).

The attempt selected as the best was received from D. Hope, St. Edmund's School, Canterbury, and explanation read as follows:

The word tawdry is a corruption of Saint Audrey, otherwise known as Saint Etheldreda, and was originally used to describe things bought at her fair on the 17th of October. Such purchases were cheap but showy, hence "tawdry" has become an adjective characterising cheap imitations of anything rich or costly.

(6) FOURTH PARTY.

The prize-winner, Rev. J. F. A. Stockton, St. Andrew's House, Leighton Buzzard, Beds., supplied the following explanation of the above:

A party in the British Parliament (1880-5) led by Lord Randolph Churchill, which gained notoriety through the freedom of its criticisms of both prominent Liberals and Conservatives. Its active members were, in addition to their leader, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the later Sir J. Gorst, and Mr. Arthur Balfour.

Turn to the article on this page entitled "Need We Fear Airships?" ☞

Be Cranky—it Pays

"Your employer will take an added interest in you," says our Contributor.

BE a crank! It will pay—if you have ability. I hear you say, "Ability will pay whether you are a crank or not." So it may in the long run. But why have a long run?

Be a crank. Ability is not over-scarce. There are other fellows as well fitted for promotion as you are in the office or wherever you are employed, so that when there is promotion to be given the chances are that one of the other fellows will get it. This need not be.

Be a crank and get yourself advertised. Choose something to be cranky about and stick to it for all you are worth. Don't be discouraged at the ridicule it is bound to bring you at first.

Treat the ridicule tolerantly and smile or sneer or grunt, according to the position you have taken up, but persevere in your crankiness. In time you will hear the fellows say, "Old So-and-so is a bit of a crank, but he is a clever chap."

Your employers will hear more of you than they would be likely to otherwise. They are human, and what interests your fellow clerks or employés will interest them. They will want to know how you do your work, and if you do it well they will have you in mind when a higher post becomes vacant.

Never lose an opportunity of putting your adopted views forward; but, mind you, talk sense. You may think that would be difficult, but it would not.

Take any subject or thing you like to be cranky about, so long as it is not likely to lead to your being treated with contempt. That would be fatal. There are many ways, subjects, or things to choose from.

Be extraordinarily brusque, and after a while they will say you are a strong man, and your abilities will be magnified.

Be extraordinarily silent, and they will say you have the wisdom of a judge.

Be pugnacious in your speech and the attitude you take up in any matter, and you will wear down opposition and get your own way.

Don't be afraid of getting your nose punched. That sort of man never does. Generally he is a little bit of a chap you could kick through the skylight, but you never do. Nine men out of every ten will rather give in than quarrel. You must split the difference with the tenth.

Put some ugly thing in front of you on your desk, or wear a noticeable trinket on your watch chain, and ostentatiously handle it every morning when you go to the office. Tell everybody it is your mascot and that it helps you to do your work well—and mind you *do* do it well. The bosses will want to see whether you *are* doing it well or not, and if you are—well, there you are! Promotion will not be able to dodge you.

A few years ago I wanted a job and I took the first that offered—bossing a gang of road-sweepers in a large town. I bossed them well, too, but I might have been bossing them still if I had not set up as a crank.

I dressed like a clerk on £200 a year—white shirt and all; collars and cuffs always clean. At first the men of the gang were highly amused (jolly good fellows some of them were, I must say), but that wore off after a while; and presently I noticed that some of the men were beginning to have more regard for their appearance.

I was very soon promoted. Perhaps the authorities were afraid of the infection spreading. Now I am getting *more* than £200 a year, and I am beginning to look askance at the £300 a year man.

How to Get a Sweetheart

Our Heart Specialist Suggests that Every Girl Joins a Movement of Some Sort.

GIRLS, if you want to get married and haven't met the right man yet, join a movement. Statistics show that you will very probably meet him there.

It doesn't much matter what movement you join. You can try a political movement, or a religious, or a humanitarian, or an intellectual one. They are all the same if you go to work properly.

A parson announced the other day in his sermon that he would introduce any respectable man in his parish to any young woman he happened to love from a distance and to whom he would like to propose marriage. Numbers of young men accepted the offer.

The funny part is that the sermon attracted a lot of notice, when, as a matter of fact, this offer is practically made by the promoters of every movement in the country, though it is not stated in as many words. When men and women are working together in a common cause they simply can't help getting to know each other.

Everyone knows that one of the crying evils of our social system is the fact that the average respectable girl is rarely brought in contact with half a dozen marriageable men in her life. Her choice, if she really has any, is so limited that the odds are against her finding her true soul-mate. And this is the cause of so many reluctant spinsters on the one hand and so many unhappy marriages on the other.

Even the business girl has very little advantage in this respect over her domesticated sister. Social relationships between men and girls employed in the same office are the exception rather than the rule. And probably this is just as well in the long run.

But in the movements all this is different. Men and women meet on an equal footing. In the local branch each member is known personally to the other. "Social evenings" are held frequently when, as guests or hosts, one branch meets and mixes with another. In this way the circle of acquaintanceship is extended indefinitely.

There is another point about movements. The majority of men one meets in this way are a clean-minded, steady lot. A man who unselfishly devotes his evenings to some cause, no matter what it may be, which he honestly believes will work for the good of his country, is much more likely to make a good husband than one whose interests outside the office are limited to the music halls.

A mother of three married daughters was once asked by an envious friend how she had managed to "get them off" so satisfactorily.

"Shall I tell you the secret?" beamed the successful mother. "Well, here it is." Then leaning down she whispered in her friend's ear, "Pit-ponies, Vivisection, and Vegetarianism."

The other stared in amazement, and the mother went on:

"You see, I did all I could for my girls to start with. They had a good education, and each of them was thoroughly capable in the house. But what was the good of that when they practically never met a single marriageable man? I encouraged them to join societies which had been formed and there they met a large number of people with similar opinions, and now they are happily married."

That is the gist of the whole matter. As far as the chances of getting the right kind of husband are concerned, it is little use for a girl to cultivate what talents she may possess, whether for housekeeping or music and so forth, unless she also takes care to make her accomplishments known to as wide a circle of acquaintances as possible.

There is nothing unwomanly in joining a movement with the avowed object of ultimately getting married. It is not unwomanly to want to be a wife and mother.

How, then, can it be unwomanly to take reasonable and dignified steps towards rendering such a state possible, which it certainly is not for the majority of girls who are content to dream of a Prince Charming one day riding up from Nowhere for the express purpose of laying a heart and fortune at their feet.

Of course it is no good joining some society whose activities would bore you. Your insincerity would probably be obvious at the start. And insincerity is not attractive. But you are probably interested in something; and it's a hundred to one nowadays that that something has a paper and league and a movement of its own. Just enrol yourself a member and—wait and see.

The Tube Tramper

He Goes to Work in the Tunnels, Surrounded by Rats, while London Sleeps.

THE last tube train has already sped homeward, the gates had been closed to the public, and a solitary arc lamp lighted the underground station as he came on duty. From a cupboard at the end of the platform he fetched his lamp and brush and bucket of paste. Then, with a pile of posters under his arm, he vaulted on to the track and strode into the tunnel.

He was one of the bill-posters of the tube railway. It was his task to attend to those hoardings that overhang the track. That was why he could only commence his work when the others had finished theirs.

He whistled as he tramped through the ghostly silence of the tunnel. It was not that he was afflicted with "nerves." No man who was the least bit given to "the creeps" could have stood a single night of work like this. Imagine yourself alone in that tunnel a hundred feet or so beneath the streets of London in the small hours. No, he whistled for a purpose. He whistled to tell the rats that he was coming.

And they came, hundreds of them, came from nowhere apparently. They flocked and scurried past him. At times he could almost have crushed one of them with his boot.

Now, there is no middle course with rats. Either you shudder at the glint of their eyes in the darkness—in which case nothing would bribe you into that tunnel at such a time—or else you are quite indifferent to them.

Our bill-poster, like most of his kind, had a positive liking for the rats. They enlivened the monotony and relieved his sense of loneliness.

"Ho! You're a beauty an' no mistake!" he cried as an extra large one ran past him a few feet and squatted, blinking, on the metals. He always talked to the rats.

As he neared the next station he came to the hoardings and, setting down his tackle, commenced to work.

"Now then! Come out of it, will yer?" he shouted querulously as he turned to find a couple of the boldest trying to climb up his paste bucket.

"Ho, would yer?" he cried, banging vainly at a batch of them who had set to work upon the bundle of posters he had momentarily laid down. The rats were ravenously hungry and would eat anything. But the paste was the chief attraction and explained their fondness for the bill-poster.

As each bill was slapped upon its hoarding a tiny river of paste would trickle down on to the track, and as he moved on to the next he would leave a little party of rats licking it up.

"I don't mind yer 'avin' wot's dropped," he explained in the tone of one anxious to appear reasonable, "but you just gotter keep your bloomin' muzzles outer my bucket—see?"

As he resumed his tramp through the tunnel to the next station something gleamed at the side of the track, and he stooped to pick it up. It was a broken penknife.

"Funny 'ow these things get 'ere—with them winders!" he exclaimed. (It is one of the riddles of the tubes that small articles in some inconceivable manner do manage to get dropped into the track).

"Never nothin' worth 'av'n', though, bar cigar ends!" he soliloquised.

As he was leaving the next station he heard a rat squeal behind him.

"Wooge!" he cried, turning. "Fair cop that."

By the light of the station-lamp he could just see a cat with her capture in her paws. Occasionally a stray cat finds its way into the tubes—to fatten in the rich hunting-grounds.

As he neared the last station the rats dwindled until not one remained. Instinct told them that humanity would soon be abroad again.

"Mornin', Bill!" he said to the porter as he sank on a seat and opened the handkerchief containing his "grub." In a few minutes the first train came along and bore him homewards to bed.

—Then tell me in thirty words how you would fight Airships. Be original. ☛

YOUR BREAKFAST BLOATER.

Where He Comes From And All About His Close Relations.

WERE bloaters rare they would figure on the table of every epicure, as no food can compare with the bloater in richness of flavour and deliciousness.

Seeing, however, that the fish is so common, the bloater by no means holds the place it deserves in this country, although eagerly sought after on the Continent.

The fact is little known that bloaters, red herrings, kippers, white herrings, caller herrin's, and what not, are all of the same species of fish. It is an astounding fact that herrings are caught in the British fisheries in such enormous quantities that a single year's catch would provide every person in the Kingdom with a herring apiece for breakfast each day for a couple of months.

As a matter of fact, the weight of herrings caught is nearly twice as much as that of any other fish.

The best bloaters are the full-roed Yarmouth variety, specially picked out during November at the height of the fishing season. The fishes are obtained by means of steam trawlers, enormous numbers being hauled on the decks in a twisting, wriggling mass. The herrings are then sorted out into various classes and sizes and thrown into bins, where they are sprinkled with salt.

Soaked in Brine for Two Hours.

As soon as the catch reaches port it is put up for auction. Then the herrings will leave the fish dock for the curing sheds. Inside the curing sheds are numbers of men and women with bare arms and provided with oilskin aprons.

The fish are thrown before them in great, beautiful, shimmering heaps on top of the flagged tables. The salt is washed off the fish, which are then thrown into great vats. For a couple of hours they are left to steep in a kind of brine of an extremely strong character.

The fish are thrown into this brine without any preliminary operations, not being cut open in any way. After being steeped well in this manner they are hung up until they are dry, thus presenting a very different appearance from the silver fish which reached the sheds. After being salted and dried, they are well smoked in cool smoke for about four and twenty hours.

The bloater differs from the red herring owing to the fact that it is pickled for a much longer time, sometimes, indeed, for a year. Still, it undergoes the same treatment, though the fishes after being well salted are strung on spits and smoked, the best kind being smoked by a fire of oak or ash billets, which gives the fish its well-known colour.

Red herrings are smoked for a couple of days, and then they drip for a couple more, these processes being gone through for three weeks' time or so. In this way they are cured to such an extent that they will keep for almost any length of time in any kind of climate.

How Girls Gut the Fish

The way in which the kipper differs from the bloater and the red herring is that it receives quite a different treatment. After being washed the fresh white herring is slit down the back and gutted by a number of fisher lasses, who do the work at the rate of 450 an hour each. The guts, by the way, are used in a number of processes, such as the manufacture of glue, manures, and so on.

Thus split, the herring, after being well washed, is steeped in brine and then hung on a spit with a number of others, ready for taking to the smoke-house. The smoke-house is a high room with tarred walls, somewhat resembling a great chimney with its hearth in the middle of the floor. Wood is set on fire, and the fumes so produced smoke the herrings, causing the oil to drop out as they hang on racks around the walls and roof, the greater space of the room being covered.

These fish are smoked for less than twenty-four hours, the fire being made of bark, wood-turnings, and sawdust. Flues regulate the density of the smoke in such a manner that the thousands of suspended fish become thoroughly soaked in smoke.

When the fish are taken down they are sadly shrunken from their original condition, and are dark-coloured. They are then placed in the familiar wood boxes, and are sent away ready for a quick sale.

Kippers never keep for more than a few weeks. Our fishers export in barrels every year millions of herrings which are merely salted, their destination being the Baltic and Mediterranean ports.

HURRY UP!

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE FINAL!

We want 100 readers to be our guests at the Football Cup Final played at the Crystal Palace on April 19th.

We have booked seats in the very best position in the Grand Stand. These seats are offered to our readers by means of the simple competition announced below. Already 80 of these seats have been allotted. There are twenty more to be competed for, ten this week and ten next week.

We offer our readers:

Free return railway ticket from any part of the United Kingdom to London.

Hot Breakfast.

A drive in a char-a-banc round London.

Hot Dinner at 12 o'clock.

A drive to the Crystal Palace.

Five-shilling seat in the Grand Stand to witness the match.

A drive back from the Crystal Palace to London.

Substantial Tea.

HOW TO WIN TICKETS.

Each week we give you the name of a popular club and we wish you to make a "Football Tripshot" on this name.

The club chosen this week is BLACKBURN ROVERS. To make a "Football Tripshot" on BLACKBURN ROVERS you make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be letters contained in the name of the popular league club. You may use any three letters you like in any order, but a letter can only be used more than once if it occurs more than once.

An example "Football Tripshot," which must not be used is:

BLACKBURN ROVERS: LIKE BEATING OPPONENTS.

When you have made your "Football Tripshot," write it in the space provided on the entry form, and sign your name underneath. Then ask the friend whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final to put his or her name and address beneath yours.

This week ten free tickets—five pairs—for the Cup Final are offered for the best Football Tripshots.

ENTRY FORM.

FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 12

Write your three words clearly in ink.

Tripshot .....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be inclosed. Names and addresses must be written, not printed, or typewritten.

2. Envelopes must be marked "Blackburn" on the top left-hand corner. All entries must be posted to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 25th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected, a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses given to view the English Cup Final.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

The results of Contest No. 8 appear on page 976.

You May Send In As Many - Entries As You Like. -

IF I HAD £300.

Some of the Nice Things that could be Done with such a Useful Fortune.

IN the smoking carriage were five or six men of varying ages.

They were going up to their respective offices in town by their usual morning train, and they had turned on the subject of big competition prizes.

"If I had £300," said one of them, "I should travel all over the world with it, and see every place of interest—the Pyramids in Egypt, Rio, New York—in fact go everywhere." (He was a Government office and got six or eight weeks holiday.) "All my holidays would be spent that way until the money was gone. Then I should have something to think about for the rest of my life."

"Yes, that's not a bad idea," cried one of the others. "But personally I would make my money last a bit longer than that. I believe I could buy my little house for £300, and live rent free ever after.

"Or what about investing it at 5 per cent.? That would give you a Six Bob a Week for Life, and would come in jolly handy, too. What would you do with it, Tommy, old man?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Tommy. "The young Dick of mine, he's keen as mustard on the law. I'm going to make him a solicitor's clerk, but I think if I had 300 quid I'd let him go right through his articles and pass his Final as a solicitor, and perhaps, when I got old, he would keep me. That would be better than an old age pension." Teddy's very silent in the corner. I wonder how one of the real filberts would spend £300."

The young man in question, whose brilliant socks and ultra-fashionably cut clothes spelt K-N-U-T in large letters, smiled feebly. He had no wife and children, and no one to consider but himself.

"Well, I think if I had 300 jimmy o'goodies I'd have a glorious bust. I'd probably get through it in about twelve months. I think I'd buy one of those little two-seater cars that you can get for about £100. I'd swagger up to the office every day. And then I'd have an extra £4 a week to spend on my giddy little self for the rest of the year. I'd have the time of my life. But at the end of the year I think I'd clear out of my digs and go right out of the neighbourhood back to my 15s. a week."

Reader, have YOU ever thought what YOU would do with £300?

Somebody is going to win this substantial sum this week in our Middles Contest, and it may be in for the competition you may be the very person who wins the first prize. Don't say, "Not likely." It is just the very unlikely things that are always happening. Turn to page 988 and have a go for it.

MARY MADE A MISTAKE.

"Now, remember, Mary," began Miss Belle, "I am at home this afternoon to no one but Mr. Millions. If anyone else should call I am not at home. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, miss," replied Mary.

Half an hour later Mary reappeared evidently worried about something.

"If you please, miss," she began, "I've had three lady callers and one gentleman caller that you were at home to none except this Mr. Millions, and they all went away very angry indeed, miss. Will you——?"

But Miss Belle had fainted.

AN ESCAPE OF GAS.

WHEN Mrs. Scrub recently meted out punishment to Master Willie Scrub with a carpet-beater that young gentleman gave vent to such weeping and wailing that the lady next door was constrained to poke her head over the backyard fence and inquire what was the matter.

"Got about a couple o' 'undred feet o' gas inside him, that's wot's the matter," Mrs. Scrub replied.

"Couple o' 'undred feet o' gas!" echoed the lady, somewhat incredulously. "Wot on earth's 'e been doin'? Takin' the gaspipe for a feedin' bottle?"

"No, 'e ain't," snapped Mrs. Scrub. "'E's been swallerin' the sixpence wot I laid by to change into coppers for the gas meter."

—For the Six best ways I will give Safety Razors. Mark postcards "Airships." *(See page 986.)*

Frequenters of Picture Palaces all know Lieutenant Daring. He is probably the most popular of all cinematograph heroes. By special arrangement we are able to narrate these new stories of his adventures.

The New Adventures of Lieut: Daring

"THE TRAITOR."

THE competition of to-day between rival powers in the matter of armaments is as astonishing as it is disquieting, and the lengths to which a country will go to gain an advantage over another in this respect are amazing.

The constant recurrence of cases of espionage and the revelations which take place, or are hinted at, during the course of such cases show how deep rooted things are and to what dimensions the selling and stealing of secrets has reached.

But although these underhand ramifications are so obviously extensive, the authorities are often in the dark concerning them. Only the other day this fact was shown by the appeal of a judge in sentencing an ex-British naval man, charged with being a spy in the employ of a foreign nation.

"If you will tell all you know, and so enlighten the responsible officials as to where danger threatens this country, I will do my best to have part of the sentence I have imposed upon you remitted," he told the prisoner.

Here was a case in which the charge was that of selling secret information concerning the British Navy, a case which evidently greatly puzzled the Admiralty; but serious though it was it was not more serious and puzzling than the affair of submarine W 25, which only the wit of Lieutenant Daring, R.N., cleared up and saved.

The W 25, of which Daring was commander, was the only craft of her sort afloat. Built in absolute secrecy and manned by a specially picked body of men, the wonderful little vessel was the envy of all nations, while her owners, the British, guarded her with the utmost jealousy and caution.

The biggest shell from a battleship's turret could do no more than glance harmlessly off the W 25's hull into the sea, and so deadly was her attack that she could, unseen, sink five warships in as many seconds.

All this had been shown by Lieutenant Daring to the German Emperor on a certain memorable occasion, and, as the Emperor had remarked at the finish of the demonstration, "So long as you British have this W 25 to yourselves, I do not see how anyone else can stand up to you."

This demonstration, it was freely believed, had saved the two greatest naval powers from coming to grips as the outcome of sudden tension connected with the war in the Balkans, but the indirect consequences of it were serious.

Openly shown what the submarine was capable of, and forced to the knowledge that this one little craft could win a sea battle "off her own bat," the Germans were moving heaven and earth to discover her secrets of construction. They wanted to know what wonderful shot-repelling stuff she was made of and what marvellous machinery enabled her to sink a ship a second.

In several ways they had tried to gain the information and been foiled in their attempts, and at last one of the most daring coups in the whole of naval history was decided upon by the Secret Service agents, employed in the matter—the submarine was to be stolen!

The knowledge of what was afoot came to Daring by the accident of chance. Kitty Laurence, his *fiancée*, happened to have gone to Berlin to spend a month with an old schoolfellow of hers, and she chanced to overhear a few disconnected words exchanged by two men at an opera performance to which she had gone.

To another girl the words would have meant nothing, but to Kitty Laurence they were full of possible meaning. The reiteration of the name "Carr" struck her especially. Lieutenant Carr, she knew, was second in command of the W 25, and she had met him once. She stored the other words she heard in her mind, and directly she got home she wrote off to Daring, describing the men and repeating everything she had been able to catch of the music-drowned conversation.

Daring immediately instituted some careful inquiries, and what he was able to find out about Lieutenant Carr astonished him greatly. The young lieutenant—he was little more than a boy—had been appointed to the W 25 because of his exceptionally fine seamanship qualifications, his keenness about his work, and the absolute "cleanness" of his past record in the Navy. Daring liked the boy well enough, although the two officers could not be called close friends.

And now, from what he had been able to discover, Carr was a traitor. His real name, Daring found, was Carl, and his father, a naturalised Englishman, had until recently been a very prosperous London merchant. But he had had heavy losses and was now hovering on the brink of bankruptcy.

The German agents had doubtless found out this fact and used it as the most powerful argument in their cautious negotiations with the boy. They had traded on his filial feelings, they had persuaded him to sacrifice himself to save his father. "Do what we ask and you and your father will be independent for life," they had cajoled, naming a big sum doubtless—for the secret of the W 25 was worth millions.

From what Kitty had told him and from the little he had been able to find out, Daring knew that Carr had listened to the voices of the tempters and had consented to betray his trust and his country. It had been difficult to learn any real facts, however, and beyond this and that Carr had promised to make use of his position on the W 25 to admit German experts on board her on the first favourable opportunity, Daring was in the dark.

After deliberation he decided to keep matters to himself and to work in the affair on his own responsibility at first, at any rate. Carr was doomed as far as his future in the Navy was concerned, of course, but to have him arrested at once would be to spoil a splendid chance. It would not benefit England much to have him charged and sent to prison, but it would be an inestimable benefit if all that he knew could be got out of him by strategy.

"Tell from where danger threatens," had pleaded the judge. Daring made up his mind to find out, if possible, all about the danger which threatened in this instance.

For several days he went on making inquiries. He found out one very valuable thing—that two German agents were staying in Portsmouth, waiting and watching for Carr's sign that the coast was clear. He put off taking any definite step, however, and there came an evening, when Daring's back was turned, and Carr, left in temporary charge of the precious submarine, gave the arranged signal and two men unobtrusively put off from the shore.

All day the W 25 had been cruising about with her flotilla till at last, late in the afternoon, she slipped into the harbour and came to a standstill.

For some reason Daring asked Carr to remain on board in charge while he and the remainder of the crew went to their respective ships. The boy showed no signs of chafing at the order, although he had been out so long. He took the somewhat unusual command unquestioningly, and, with apparent carelessness, watched Daring and his men leave the submarine.

"I'll have you relieved in an hour's time," his superior officer told him.

Carr waited for fifteen minutes and then he took a powerful hand electric lamp out of his pocket, and going up into the conning tower directed a short series of flashes shorewards from it.

The flashes were a pre-arranged sign to the German agents that the coast was clear for them to come aboard the W 25.

* * * * * *

In less than five minutes a shore boat softly swished her way alongside the submarine, there was the sound of a low whistle, and the boat stopped.

Assisted by Carr her two occupants, stoutish, rather heavily muffled men, scrambled into the W 25, letting the craft they had come out to her in drift away with the tide. No one spoke until they were well aboard.

Then one of them, a black bearded, bushy eyebrowed man, apparently about forty years of age, said in guttural, broken English:

"Lieutenant Carr? You expect us? We saw the signal and came at once. I am Commander Grosmann, my friend here is Herr Herrenburg. He will take notes of the mechanical department; I come as a naval expert."

"Yes," said Lieutenant Carr, who was tall and slight and fair-haired, and who scarcely looked even his twenty-one years, "yes, I expected you. You came very quickly. I understood that two—er—gentlemen would come. We have only about half an hour," he added nervously.

"Half an hour?" repeated Grosmann. "Oh, we have longer than that, lieutenant." He turned and pressed an electric button which closed the hatches. Carr looked at him in nervous astonishment.

"I don't think that is necessary," he began.

The other turned and looked him full in the face in the dim light.

"I think it is, Lieutenant Carr. You were not told before, I believe, but we are going to take the W 25."

"Take?" Carr gave an incredulous sort of gasp. "Take the W 25? What do you mean? Steal her?"

Grosmann nodded.

"Yes, steal her, if you like. It is quite easy," he went on coolly. "Herr Herrenburg will see to the engine, I will give you your course, and you will navigate."

Carr stared at the big, gruff-voiced man with an effort of defiance. He was in the toils, but the training that Osborne and the British Navy had given him struggled to come uppermost. There was a quick flash of independence in his voice.

"I draw the line at that," he said. "I won't do it."

Grosmann seized him roughly by the shoulder in a vice-like grip.

"Oh, yes, you will, lieutenant. You will do what I bid. Besides, it will be worth your while. You understand, eh? Think what that will mean to you and your father."

The boy hesitated for a moment. Then his training, his manhood, his pride of position asserted themselves with sudden, unexpected vehemence.

"Take your hand off my shoulder!" he exclaimed angrily, wriggling free with a quick jerk. He stood and faced Grosmann, defiance in his eyes.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the big man in astonishment. Herrenburg also looked up quickly, surprised at the boy's new attitude.

"What do I mean?" he echoed, breathing hard. "I mean that I've changed my mind, that I—I don't care if my father does go bankrupt—he would curse me for helping him like this, that I wouldn't touch a penny of your filthy money—that I refuse to help you."

He stood looking at the two men, the picture of fury and determination. Grosmann smiled amusedly, bewildered, it seemed.

"Come," he said, "be reasonable. You have involved yourself and you might as well go on with it all. You have changed your mind very suddenly, eh?"

"Well, suppose I have?" demanded Carr. "I have done so because I don't want to be a traitor. I have suddenly realised what—going on with things would mean. I may have ruined myself already, but I'm hanged if I'll give my country away—and Britain is my country. Get out of this, you two dirty spies!"

"Not likely," smiled Grosmann, "not until we've found out what we have come for. Besides, how can we get out, as you say, eh? We have no boat."

Carr suddenly backed into a corner and put a hand behind him.

"Get out, I say!" he almost screamed. "Swim—I don't care! Get out somehow at once, or, by the Lord, I'll sink and

A shore boat softly swished her way alongside the submarine, there was the sound of a low whistle, and the boat stopped.

I want a good definition of a dentist. One clever one is—

suffocate the lot of us. I don't care if I have to die. I'm done for as it is."

He had suddenly thrust his hand into one of his jacket pockets and pulled out a revolver.

"Don't try any tricks on!" he cried hoarsely; "or I'll kill both of you. Well, are you going? If not, I'll——"

He stopped abruptly and began to gaze at Grosmann in amazement; he was taking his big black beard off."

"Daring!" he exclaimed, falling right back against the wall, his eyes almost starting from their sockets; "you!"

"Grossman" nodded. "Yes. Now, put that gun down and come over here, my son. I want to shake hands with you."

Too perplexed and surprised to say a word, Carr did as he was bid, walking rather unsteadily away from his corner.

"I don't know how you found out. I suppose I'm done for now," he muttered dully. He did not offer his hand and he kept his eyes averted from Daring.

Daring took hold of his hand and gripped it.

"On the contrary, my son, you've saved yourself, only you don't know it yet. At first I thought you must have spotted me and were spoofing, and I kept the game up to see, but you hadn't; you took me to be who I said I was right enough. I'm proud of you, even though it was only at the last that you came out properly. But you haven't finished yet; we've got to nab the real spies."

There was the faint sound of oars splashing as he spoke.

"There they are!" said Daring. "I thought it was too dark for them to spot us, to get here first."

"You saw my signal, then?" asked Carr.

"Yes, and came at once; we had to be before them. Now you go up and invite them to step into the parlour. Sims and I will act the flies."

"Sims?" said Carr.

"Yes," laughed Daring. "Sims, alias Herrenburg."

A determined, exultant look in his eyes, Carr opened the hatch and looked out, while Daring and Sims, each holding a revolver, crouched below.

"Come aboard!" called Carr softly.

Two men clambered out of their small boat on to the submarine. It was dark, and for some moments they could not quite see where they were. Then someone suddenly switched on an electric light and the two men saw two other men pointing revolvers at them. They turned quickly, and found a third man—Lieutenant Carr—doing precisely the same thing.

"Traitor!" ejaculated one of the two fiercely.

"On the contrary," said Daring, answering. "Lieutenant Carr has just proved that he is no traitor. I must ask you gentlemen to consider yourselves my prisoners. Sims, call a picquet."

(Another of Daring's adventures shortly.)

OUR GIFT WINNERS.

They carried their "Pearson's" in their hands, And this is what we gave them. *(See page 966.)*

STYLOGRAPHIC PENS TO—

Mrs. H. Crailey, 1 Harford St., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
W. Conaron, 174 Uxbridge Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.
Miss F. Nadin, 26 Coleherne Court, S. Kensington.
H. J. Kettle, 8 Luton Rd., Bowenbrook, B'ham.
Miss K. Fitzsimmons, 100 Rose Place, Liverpool.
G. T. Cooper, The Lodge, Belmont Hall, Gt. Budworth, Cheshire.
Miss B. Robertson, Ledcamerock Cottage, Bearsden, Glasgow.
F. J. Sharpe, Ropergate End, Pontefract, Yorkshire.
Miss M. Cox, 6 Royal Crescent, Holland Pk. Ave., W
M. Fay, 27 Springfield St., Anne St., Liverpool.

FOLDING NAIL SCISSORS TO—

Miss Short, 72 Easter Rd., Leith, Scotland.
A. J. Warman, 39 Northwick Rd., Evesham.
Mrs Ashton, 20 Euston St., Preston.
Mrs. W. Ross, 133 High St., Hounslow, W.

P.W. PENKNIVES TO—

J. Spratt, 11 Lennox Ave., New Brighton.
Miss A. Tulford, 18 Hartham Rd., Holloway, N.
M. Clarke, 20 Bushberry Rd., Homerton, N.E.
V. A. Wybrow, 53 L. Clapton Rd., N.E.
E. H. Gomes, 140 Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
J. Hodgkinson, 10 Portland St. Leamington.
H. Butcher, 11 Princess Square, Kennington, S.E.

BLUE BIRD BROOCHES TO—

A. Weighell, 49 Grosvenor Terrace, York.
Mrs M. Harris, 7 Buller St., Gateshead-on-Tyne.
B. Ritchie, 38 Scotstorm St., Scotstorm, Glasgow.
J. Rimmer, 54 Queen Anne St., Liverpool.
Mrs. J. Escot, 4 Westbourne Grove, Swansea, Glam.
Mrs. Bartholomew, 10 Culford Rd., Kingsland, N.

BRIAR PIPES TO—

A. Mercer, Steam Mills, Slough, Bucks.
G. White, 124 Roan St., West Greenwich, S.E.
A. Popple, 21 St. Luke's Rd., Beeston Hill, Leeds.
W. Pallister, 110 Whitefield Terr., Heaton, N'castle.
A. Hartnoll, 7 Franklin Rd., Penge, S.E.
F. Woodcock, 24 Wellard St., Leicester.
E. Williams, 3 Willaston Rd., Liverpool.
F. Rowe, 13 Mitford St., Harpurly, Manchester.
H. Clarke, 19 Causeway Ave., Warrington.
H. Raymen 91 Vartrey Rd., S. Tottenham, N.

So carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

This Week's Little Lot

Too Tightly Tied.

IN a recent speech at Glasgow, Mr. R. S. Horne told a story of his candidature in Stirlingshire at the last election.

At the conclusion of one of his meetings he was approached by an old gentleman, who said, "I don't suppose ye'll remember me, Mr. Horne?"

"I'm sorry to say I don't," Mr. Horne replied.

"Ah, weel," said the old man, "I wis the first man your faither mairret when he came to the parish o' Slamannan."

Mr. Horne said he was delighted to hear it, and hoped his father had made a good job of it.

"Good job o' it!" echoed the old man dryly. "He did it that weel that I hivna got quit o' the missus yet!"

Complimentary.

THE other evening Mr. Pett Ridge, the well-known novelist, gave some amusing instances of Cockney humour.

The humour of the Cockney, he said, was due very largely to its impertinence, and he told a story of how he once stood outside Portland Road Station waiting for a taxi. A small street arab offered to find one for him, and in due course he procured one. But when it came up a bigger boy intervened with the idea of opening the door and collaring Mr. Pett Ridge's tip.

"'Old 'ard!" exclaimed the first boy. "I see the silly old swine first!"

The Ideal and the Real.

SPEAKING of the humour of the criminal classes, Mr. Pett Ridge said the thing that struck him most was the good terms they were always on with the detectives and the police.

In a police court once he heard an inspector give evidence of the arrest of the prisoner.

"I went to No. 27," he said, in the dignified staccato fashion that came from long practice, "where I saw the prisoner in bed. I said, 'I have a warrant for your arrest for burglariously entering the premises at——'" and so on.

At the end of the inspector's little speech the magistrate asked the prisoner, "Any questions?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner promptly, and he intimated that the inspector had not given his evidence correctly. "I'm sure," he said, "Mr. Jackson" (the inspector) "don't want to say only what is true. Didn't you come to my room," turning to the inspector, "and say, 'Now, then, Ginger; 'op out of it. I want yer?'"

A Matter of Pronunciation.

ANOTHER Cockney story that is being told concerns a district visitor who wanted to find a certain block in a tenement building.

Meeting a small boy, she asked, "Which is Block 'I'?"

"Block 'Ay,' lydy?" he replied. "The first block."

"No, no!" she told him. "Block 'I' can't be the first block. Don't you know your alphabet?"

She repeated the letters of the alphabet as far as "I," when the small boy interrupted with lofty contempt: "That's 'Oi,' lydy. You said Block 'Ay.'"

High Finance.

A BANK manager at one of the South Coast holiday towns is telling this story.

There are a number of foreign visitors to the town, and in order to attract them a notice has been put in the bank's window with the words, "Foreign business transacted." One morning recently a small boy entered the bank and came boldly up to the counter.

"Well, youngster," said one of the clerks, "what do you want?"

"Please, sir," he piped, "do you transact foreign business?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then will you please change this?" the youngster said, and pushed over the counter a French halfpenny.

The Clergyman Himself Perhaps.

IN his recently published volume of "Memoirs" the Hon. Stephen Coleridge tells a new story of Archbishop Tait, in whom there seems to have been a well of Scottish humour which everybody did not suspect.

A young Jew desired to marry a Christian girl who would not accept him unless he became a Christian. The young man agreed, and went to the Rev. Mr. Blank, an elderly clergyman, for instruction. Everything seemed to be going well, but they came to a halt on the subject of a personal Devil, a doctrine the Jew would not accept.

Could the clergyman christen the Jew without insisting in his believing that there was a personal Devil? He thought not, but, as he explained to the Jew, he was anxious that the marriage should take place, and he would get the Archbishop's opinion on the point.

"Well, Mr. Blank," said the Archbishop, "do you find an allusion to a personal Devil in any of the three creeds?"

Mr. Blank admitted that a personal Devil had not intruded himself into any of the creeds.

"Then," said the Archbishop, "I think you may regard the creeds as sufficient for your Jew."

Mr. Blank rose, delighted with this solution of the difficulty, for he was a kindly man and he wished the young people well. But as he was about to leave, the Archbishop, who apparently set no very great value on the lasting happiness of the marriage, added dryly, "I expect, Mr. Blank, a day will come when your Jew *will* believe in a personal Devil!"

Just Fancy That!

THE announcement that Mr. E. F. Benson has written a sequel to "Dodo," which was the most-talked-of novel of its year, reminds one of a letter written by Mrs. Asquith that for biting brevity has been rarely equalled.

Soon after "Dodo" was published, it was whispered that the author had drawn the character of his heroine from Mrs. Asquith. These whispers became so persistent that Mr. Benson, making sure Mrs. Asquith had heard all about the book and the rumours, wrote to her assuring her that there was not a word of truth in the suggestion that she was the original of Dodo.

Either Mrs. Asquith didn't believe him or she was annoyed at having her notice called to the rumours. Anyway, back came the prompt reply:

"Dear Mr. Benson,—Have you *really* written a book? How amusing!"

A Good Idea.

ONE recalls another story about the same book. There were people who did not think it was a nice book, and many library committees wrangled solemnly as to whether or not it should appear on their shelves. A member of one of these committees had been listening rather sleepily—it was after dinner—to the discussion, only taking in part of what was being said.

At last he roused himself and got on his feet to give his opinion on the difficult question.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it has been suggested that we get a dodo, presumably for the grounds of the library. Now I have heard that the dodo is a very rare bird. Would it not, then, be a good idea to get two dodos *and let them breed?*"

But for All Time?

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, the famous dramatist, certainly does not suffer from false modesty, for the other evening he announced publicly that he was "one of the most celebrated men in Europe."

One recalls the story told of a prominent French critic who once said to Mr. Shaw: "You are putting on a new comedy on Monday night. Please let me attend one of the dress rehearsals."

"Impossible," said Mr. Shaw. "My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to notify even the most distinguished critics permission to be present at them."

"But I want to write a really careful criticism of the play," the critic pointed out. "If I have to write it out and then telegraph it over to Paris after the play is over on Monday night, it will have to be very hurriedly done, and I fear that when it appears the following morning I shall not have been able to do justice to your play."

"Have no anxiety on that score," Mr. Shaw assured him. "My comedies are not written for the next day."

—"A man who pulls other people's teeth to give employment to his own." I want better. ☛

GREAT FOOTBALL SKILL CONTEST.

£500 A Week — **NO Goals Required.**

£500 A Week — **NO Entry Fee.**

£500 A Week

YOU MAY SEND AS MANY ATTEMPTS AS YOU LIKE.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will **lose**. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a **draw**, then leave names of both teams in.

THIS Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

Competitors May Send as Many Attempts as They Wish.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

The Easter Holidays having made it necessary to go to press earlier than usual, we are unable to publish the result of Football Contest No. 26. This will be found in next week's issue.

Conditions with which Competitors Must Comply

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 30" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, March 28th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Closing Date, Friday, March 28th.

Pearson's Football Contest
No. 30.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 29th

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Sheffield United	v	Middlesbrough
Bolton Wanderers	v	Notts County
Liverpool	v	Manchester United
Woolwich Arsenal	v	Sheffield Wednesday
Manchester City	v	West Bromwich Albion
Bristol City	v	Birmingham
Clapton Orient	v	Grimsby Town
Glossop	v	Bury
Hull City	v	Fulham
Leicester Fosse	v	Blackpool
Notts Forest	v	Huddersfield Town
Stockport County	v	Wolverhampton Wan.
Brighton & Hove Albion	v	Queen's Park Rangers
Coventry City	v	Northampton Town
Crystal Palace	v	Reading
Exeter City	v	Millwall Athletic
Merthyr Town	v	Norwich City
Plymouth Argyle	v	Southampton
Portsmouth	v	Bristol Rovers
Watford	v	Gillingham

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

THERE WILL BE TWO FOOTBALL COUPONS—INSTEAD OF ONE—IN OUR EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER OUT NEXT THURSDAY.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Hints that May Help You to Win This Week's Prize of £500.

THE matches in Coupon No. 30, are return engagements for those played on Nov. 23rd, 1912, and promise to produce many fine struggles, either in the way of championship honours, or in endeavours to escape the two last positions in the Tables.

West Bromwich Albion went under to Manchester City by two goals when the teams met for the first time this season at the Hawthorns, and it is only to be expected that they will put up a great fight when they meet the "Citizens" at Hyde Road. In the corresponding match last season West Bromwich defeated the City by two goals, and if the Mancunians do not put up a better game than they did in their recent match with Chelsea, the Throstles may repeat the victory.

Still, it is well to remember that Manchester City have won all their League engagements at home this year, to go back no further, scoring 11—1. Whatever the result of the game, it will be worth going a long way to see, as both clubs are still in the running for the Championship of the League.

Clapton Orient have the credit, which not many clubs can claim, of defeating the Fishermen at Grimsby this season. The Orientals won the game by the odd goal in three, and as they were also able to claim a home victory in the corresponding match last season, should again put paid to Grimsby's account. At the same time, one is not inclined to pin much faith on Clapton Orient, as the Fishermen have a score to knock off.

Coventry City was the only other club to win away from home, and their victims were the "Cobblers" at Northampton. The victory was a very narrow one, the only goal in the match going to the visitors. Coventry City should gain the two points at stake, as they have the advantage of ground, but it should not be forgotten that last year in the corresponding game the "Cobblers" gained the verdict by 2—1.

The "Die-hards."

Notts County are fighting a grim battle against relegation, and the recent victory over Sunderland will give them a little hope in meeting Bolton Wanderers. Since the introduction of Peart, from Newcastle, the centre-forward difficulty has been overcome, and they may, after all, escape the Second Division. A great deal depends upon this match, and a single point gathered in, away from home, may come in very handy at the end of next month. Notts County scraped home last November when the teams met at Meadow Lane by the only goal scored.

The Gunners are at home to Sheffield Wednesday, and having drawn their recent home engagements with Bradford City and Oldham Athletic, will not be downhearted when they engage the "Blades." It seems pretty certain that the Arsenal will go down, but, whether or no, it will not be for want of trying to get the better of Sheffield Wednesday.

Second Division "Fag-enders."

Leicester Fosse v. Blackpool is another game fraught with the direst consequences to both clubs. They are, at the time of writing, at the foot of the ladder, with Stockport County in between. The clubs have already met this season at Blackpool, when the Seasiders gained a narrow victory by 2—1. Last season, at Leicester, the Fosse gained an easy win by four clear goals.

Stockport County are also in a very bad way, and in danger of being one of the two to seek re-election. They will be at home to the Wolves, and a desperate battle will result. Last season they lost the corresponding match, and also the game at Wolverhampton this season, so that their prospects are not what one might call bright.

Glossop is another club which has not much to write home about. They are floundering very near the danger zone, and a home defeat at this juncture may just about settle them. When Glossop visited Bury they had the mortification of seeing four goals put up against them, and only mustered one in reply.

Hull City and Fulham are also among the lowly ones, and Fulham have a little matter to square up with Hull City about a Cup-tie, so that a splendid fight will be sure to take place. Fulham won the corresponding match last year, and also the League engagement at Craven Cottage this season.

Southern League Rearguard.

Similar struggles will take place in the Southern League, for Norwich City and Gillingham are both away from home, seeking points at the expense of Merthyr Town and Watford, with not much prospect of picking any up, and they need them so badly.

Southampton and Portsmouth are hovering near the "dangerous" mark, and will exert every effort to reach a place of safety. The Saints defeated Plymouth by 2 goals, and "Pompey" drew with Bristol Rovers when they met earlier in the season.

All the other games in the Coupon resulted in wins for the home teams when they met on November 23rd, with the exception of Norwich City, Huddersfield, and Queen's Park Rangers, who managed to draw their matches.

—For the five best definitions I will give Silver Watches. Mark postcards "Dentist." *(See page 986)*

Lorenzo, the Beautiful

The Story of His Two Admirers—"The Kid" and "La Belle Hélène."

By ELIZABETH M. MOON.

Whether he was thrilling his audience with his feats on the trapeze in Trueman's Mammoth Circus, garbed in the mauve and silver of his act, or in the shabby tweed suit of non-professional moments, "Lorenzo the Beautiful," as he was billed in huge scarlet letters, was always an object of interest and intense admiration.

He was irresistibly boyish for his twenty-three years, but tall and athletic; youth and health were enthroned in his supple frame. His disposition, optimistic and contented, made him a favourite with the entire company from the proprietor, who billed him as his star artist, and was credited with paying him an exorbitant salary, down to Mrs. Stagg, the fat old woman who took the money at the shows and in between times looked after the comfort of John Trueman and his daughter.

This daughter, known to everyone in private as the "Kid," and billed as "Mademoiselle Butterfly, the Champion Equestrienne of the Century," was Lorenzo's chum and confidante.

He did not look upon her as a woman but as a child, and he treated her with the unconventionality of an elder brother. She was nearly seventeen, with a thin, unformed figure that had a curious charming lightness in movement. Her eyes were as blue as Lorenzo's own, and she adored him with the strength and fidelity of a woman twice her age.

When in the interest of business and to heighten the attractions of his act, Lorenzo took a partner, and the partner turned out to be a woman—a dark, beautiful woman, with a figure that was as shapely as Nature could fashion it, and great black eyes that were soft and slumbrous one moment and the next glittering like those of a tiger cat, the Kid took to her bed for a whole day, the pain in her heart made her sick.

And when old Trueman came stumbling into the van in the braided coat and white gloves of the ringmaster she did not lift her head.

"The best house we've had this week, Kiddie. Ain't ye better, love?"

"Yes. How's the show going?" Which meant what is "he" doing?

"As fine as we can without you, Kiddie. But we'll be havin' you back to-morrow."

"They won't miss me—you've got that fat woman."

Trueman's face showed stupefaction for a moment. Then he smiled and winked to himself. The Kid was jealous. But he did not connect Lorenzo with it.

"Fat, d'ye call her, Kiddie? Fat by the side of a bit of a pole like you. But, gad, she's a fine creature! It's a sight to see the two of them together! Is it the headache, love?"

"No. Go on!"

"I said she'd draw and she's drawin'; the public will pay their money to see her. Says I to Lorry: 'It wouldn't be a bad spec, my boy, if you'd tie her to you; marry her, and you'll have a hold on her.'"

"And he said?"

"What did he say now?" Trueman rubbed his jaw vigorously in the effort to remember. "Oh, ay—that he couldn't bear dark wimmen!"

The tumbled brown head was suddenly raised from the pillow and a brisk voice said:

"I'll be up to supper, daddy!"

"That's right, Kiddie, and I'll tell old Stagg to get something extra tasty."

And he went down the little ladder and across to the tent with its flaring lights with his heart at rest.

When Lorenzo the Beautiful came over to the Trueman van the next morning as the field was in active preparation for the move on to the next town, he found the Kid sitting sewing on the steps.

"Hallo, Kid? All square again?"

"Yes, thanks."

"What was up? Sick?"

She nodded without raising her eyes.

"We missed you."

"You'll not die of it."

"Come, now, Kiddie! You'll be showing to-night?"

"Yes."

"You've got a lot of conversation this morning!" he said, leaning against the van and looking at her smilingly. Then he got out his pipe and filled it; and the Kid eyed him furtively and sighed.

"You don't ask how the show got on."

"Daddy said your act went well."

"It went fine!" he said, flushing with enthusiasm. "Nelly's a splendid girl—such daring—we'll be the draw of the show. You'd love to see her!"

"I'd just hate to!" she flashed out. There was an end to human endurance. She dug her white teeth into her lip and gave him a withering glance.

"You little vixen—why?" he asked lazily.

"I wish you'd not stand there in my light!" she said peevishly; "I'm busy." She rose suddenly and entered the van and shut the door with a decision that meant his dismissal.

He laughed as he went off. The Kid was such a baby at times; but she was getting a jolly pretty girl—quite pretty she had looked with that red flush in her cheeks! It would be a pity when she grew up and became like other women—they would never be such good pals again.

Then a gay voice accosted him from one of the other vans—a black-browed woman in a scarlet blouse leaned out to talk with a flash of black eyes and white teeth, and Lorenzo the Beautiful forgot the vagaries of the Kid in the experienced repartee of La Belle Hélène, the Aerial Queen.

The whole company had prophesied how things would turn out; they had twitted Lorenzo with his conquest—all, at least, except the Kid and Mrs. Stagg.

That excellent woman, being stout and slow of speech, never unburdened herself of her thoughts by more than an indignant "hussy!" when she found herself in close quarters with the newcomer.

There was one other who soon fathomed the Kid's secret, and that was her rival, and, being a woman without delicate perceptions, she made no bones over talking about it.

"That little cat is in love with you!" she said, nodding her head in the direction of the Trueman's yellow-and-brown van.

"Who?" asked the acrobat indifferently. He was sitting on the steps of a van, and the woman was standing beside him, steeping herself in the sunshine.

CONFESSIONS OF THE KING'S BOOTMAKER

AND

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY DETECTIVE

are two capital series starting in our

EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER.

OUT NEXT THURSDAY.

"The guv'nor's girl."

"The Kid? You're wrong there. She's only a bit of a kid! We're good pals—first-rate!"

"She's sick in love with you! I don't blame her, neither!" she added softly.

She looked down at him with admiration for his beauty flaming in her eyes. His face, upturned to hers, was flushed and quivering. She bent lower still and laid her hot cheek on his honey-coloured curls. She felt him tremble, and she laughed her low, seductive laugh.

It was not the first time she had done this in her life, but never before had a woman's cheek rested on Lorenzo's head in all his three-and-twenty blameless years. "Nelly!" he breathed.

He would have cast his arms about her; but she thrust him back with a laugh that ought to have warned him, for it was not good to hear in its carelessness. But Lorenzo felt only the touch of her cheek on his hair.

She was ice and fire; she held him at a distance with words that made his heart feel like lead, then she would capitulate with caresses and soft words.

Lorenzo pleased her, but that did not prevent her accepting the attentions of others. She was not worth a man's honest passion, consequently it was bestowed upon her, for it is the way of humanity to lay its best gifts at the clay feet of its idols.

In all fevers there is a crisis, and the love fever is not exempt. And the crisis came.

The acrobatic act came on immediately after the Kid's turn, and as she ran off one night and left the audience clapping and bubbling over the antics of Little Toddlekins, one of the clowns, she collided with a silver and mauve figure. She looked up at him quickly, and the light fell upon his face.

"Lorry!"—she held him tightly by the arm.

Something like a faint gleam of recognition came into the strange frozen blue of his eyes.

"She's married, Kid!"

"Who's married?" She caught her breath.

"Nelly!"

The clown came off panting after the final of his series of somersaults, and La Belle Hélène appeared, throwing off the cloak she had worn walking from her van as she came hurrying towards the entrance.

"Lorry!" The Kid tightened her clasp on his arm. "You're not going on to-night. We'll leave you out. I'll make it right with daddy—he won't mind for one night."

But he flung off the kind little fingers with a reckless laugh, and held out his hand to the woman. She hesitated for an instant, then gave him hers with a flippant smile that went no further than her reddened lips.

"Come!" said Lorenzo. He looked at her for a moment. Then they both ran lightly into the arena. The outburst of applause that greeted them sickened the Kid. She moved close to the entrance. They had climbed agilely up the ladders to their respective bars, and sat for an instant kissing the tips of their fingers and smiling down upon the upturned faces beneath them.

The Kid's breath came more evenly. He had got back his nerve. He was doing well; he had never done better. It would all be over in a few minutes. But she could not tear herself away; from her position she stood like a little white-winged statue watching every movement of that lithe, beautiful figure that hid beneath its silken covering a lacerated heart.

He had slipped down, down, and was swinging by his feet—every muscle of his splendid form tense and visible. Slowly he swung to and fro, waiting for the moment when La Belle Hélène would take her final flight to his ready hands.

There was a slight pause, imperceptible to the audience, who saw only a beautiful creature plunging herself like a bird for its flight; but to La Belle Hélène it was the pause before the casting of the die. The rouge hid the ghastliness of her face, in her eyes was a fixed horror. She was going to trust herself to the mercy of a man she had deceived.

What had burned in his haggard eyes a moment ago when they had looked into hers? What had they promised her, those eyes that had once glowed with passionate boyish love? She shuddered. Well, a short life and a merry one had been her motto always. With the recklessness of the gambler, she let herself go.

The long, strong brown fingers held her tightly. There was a sob in her throat as she twisted herself upwards and climbed the silver pole of his rigid body and reached the bar—and safety. She smiled and kissed her fingers, but her white bosom was rising and falling in quick pants. She was safe.

Then suddenly Lorenzo fell like a stone.

The Kid was the first to reach him, but the scream did not come from her, but from the woman above.

When he opened his eyes they stared upwards into the Kid's face as she bent over him.

"I'm done for!" he whispered. "Nelly."

"Shall I go for her?" said the Kid.

"No." He closed his eyes again.

But he was not done for. That supple body had escaped miraculously, and his injuries were of a character that promised a speedy recovery.

La Belle Hélène came creeping round to speak to the Kid late that night.

"I'm off in the morning," she whispered hoarsely. "I'd made up my mind to do a bunk in the morning before the show came on last night. The guv'nor don't want me, neither—he's been giving me his jaw a bit since. So long, Kiddie; he's got a better one in you. I'm a bad one!"

The Kid caught her by the hand. The love that seeks the happiness of the object of its devotion shone in that small white face.

"Is it true—you're married? There's no getting out of it?"

"Been married three years," she said shortly. She vouchsafed no further information. "Keep your pecker up, Kiddie; he'll pull through."

La Belle Hélène disappeared in the darkness.

"Lorenzo the Beautiful" made his reappearance in a fortnight. His comely face had lost its boyishness, the flexible lips did not smile so readily. These were the only outward signs of the Gethsemane he had passed through. But every day brought its healing grace. And as the joy of life returned to him, the Kid, who had been nurse, comforter, and comrade, withdrew more and more from him.

At first he could not understand that she was not at his beck and call, then when he found her often listening smilingly to the conversation of Whimsical Billy, the clown, he found fault with her; in fact, was jealous. He wanted her. That was all. So he told her.

She wanted him, too, but the memory of La Belle Hélène came before her, and she refused him with a firmness of which she never believed herself capable.

"Have you forgotten"—and she came out with the name that had never been mentioned between them since that night—"Nelly?" And she walked away, leaving him to his thoughts.

So things went on, and old Trueman found that the two principal members of his company seemed to have lost all heart in their work.

One day as Lorenzo passed the Kid he jerked out:

"Kiddie, I'm leaving!"

For a moment the girl went white. She hesitated as if trying to conquer her pride, then slipped her hand into his.

"Don't leave me!" she pleaded. "You're all I've got! And when are you going to stop calling me 'Kid'?"

"I'll not go if you let me call you something else."

He bent down to whisper the word in her little pink ear, and she thrilled at the name of wife.

Training Beetles for the Cinema

The Wonderful Work of a Russian Student.

He Has Also Taught a Dragon-Fly, Grasshoppers, and a Daddy Long-Legs To Act.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of March 13th, 1881, the Tsar Alexander of Russia was blown to pieces in a street in St. Petersburg by a bomb thrown by a Nihilist.

At once the police proceeded to arrest everybody and anybody whom they suspected of complicity in the outrage, the innocent sharing the same fate as the guilty. Amongst hundreds of others, there was seized a young university student named Lozshki.

He was soon released, for as a matter of fact he was guiltless of any participation in the revolutionary movement. But during the weeks he lay in his lonely cell he made friends with the beetles which infested it, feeding them with his scanty prison rations.

To his surprise, they quickly learned to come at his call, to obey his voice, even to perform simple little tricks at his bidding. After he came out of gaol he turned his attention to training these highly intelligent insects, experimenting with different kinds, and eventually choosing the large and exceedingly strong stag beetle as being the kind best adapted for his purpose.

Only Clever Insects Kept.

Lozshki bred his beetles as poultry-keepers breed chickens or dog-fanciers dogs, carefully selecting the strains, eliminating the unfit, pairing the most clever. The life of a beetle is short. This helped him greatly. The beetles he is experimenting with to-day represent the 453rd generation in the direct line of descent from the original ones he started to teach in 1881. It would have taken at least six thousand years, starting, say, with Adam, to have evolved in a similar manner a special strain of men and women.

He has taught his beetles to do all sorts of human-like things, including dancing, soldiering, fencing, and play-acting. Each succeeding generation proved cleverer and more adaptable than the one that had gone before.

At the beginning young Lozshki's aim was a scientific one solely. He wanted to prove that in insects, as in the higher animals, acquired characteristics are transmitted; that is to say, that effects produced in one generation through education, and so forth, reappear in succeeding generations.

In this he succeeded. A twentieth-century statesman or philosopher does not differ more widely in mental power and understanding from the ape-like man of the pre-stone age, than do Lozshki's trained beetles from the ordinary members of their tribe.

Dresses Them in Uniforms.

With the advent of the cinematograph, the still youthful experimentalist was able to magnify the various poses and movements of his beetles, and study them at leisure and more closely. From this to filming a drama in which beetles should take the place of human beings as actors and actresses was but a step.

Taking advantage of the stag beetle's natural pugnacity—he "loves a row" as dearly as does the typical Irishman—Lozshki marshalled them in regiments like soldiers, dressed them in uniforms, and marched them forth to battle against one another. The effect, as seen on the screen, is most weird and wonderful.

The rival beetle armies march and countermarch in the most perfectly natural manner, with drums beating and banners flying. The sub-title of the film now showing in England is a "A Drama of the Middle Ages," and the beetles are seen armed with spears and battle-axes, and dragging cannons and battering-rams to the assault of a typical mediæval castle.

Scaling ladders are erected, and a fierce struggle is waged between the besiegers and the besieged, both sides losing heavily. Eventually the attacking party proves victorious, and the remnant of the defenders retire, stubbornly contesting every inch of the way, to the lowermost part of the keep, where, disdaining to surrender, they set fire to the reserve of gunpowder and blow up the castle.

The histrionic ability shown by many of the principals is really almost uncanny. They fence, fight, make love, and crave mercy with all the skill of human actors. The movements of their horns and the attitudes they adopt convey as clearly as human beings their thoughts and feelings. Fear, anger, craftiness, and courage, are all displayed by gestures which no one can mistake.

A Daddy-Long-Legs Actor.

A second Lozshki film, in which, besides beetles, a dragon-fly and a daddy-long-legs take prominent parts, is now being shown privately in London, and will be released for public exhibition shortly. It is called "The Beetles' Deception," and is, in effect, a love-drama played by insects instead of human beings.

Each of these films has taken about a year to produce, the insects having to be constantly rehearsed, and each single movement separately photographed. Incidentally, it was found that the grasshoppers were far harder to train than the beetles, the little fellow who takes so prominent a part in "The Deception" being the pick of over two hundred of his kind.

Music entered largely into his training, the grasshopper tribe being acutely sensitive to melodious sounds. Indeed, one of them danced so wildly and fiercely when he heard the strains of "Everybody's Doing It" played on a flute, that he ultimately fell dead from exhaustion.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU KISS!

A young lady recently claimed £2,000 damages from her sweetheart, declaring that she had contracted the germs of insanity when he kissed her. Below, our cartoonist shows how lovers can avoid heavy germ-kiss damages.

—And make a sentence from them. You mustn't alter the order of the words in a line.

Quips and Jestlets

PUTTING HIM RIGHT.

At a target practice of a company of territorials the captain swaggered up to the latest recruit and proceeded to give him some instructions about his gun.

"See here, my man, this thing is a rifle. Here is the barrel, there's the stock. You slip the cartridge in here. Now you put the weapon to your shoulder. These little things on the barrel are the sights. When you have taken accurate aim, pull this little thing, which is the trigger. Now, remember what I have told you. Smarten up and look more like a soldier. By the way, what is your business? A clerk, I suppose?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "I am a gunsmith."

Father: "Dorothy, if you disobey again, I shall spank you."

On father's return home that evening, Dorothy acknowledged that she had again disobeyed.

Father (firmly): "You remember what I said? You may choose your own time. When shall it be?"

Dorothy (five years old, thoughtfully): "Yesterday."

Friend: "Why do you have such mis-spelt and ungrammatical signs in your front window?"

Sharp Tradesman: "People think I'm a dunce and come in to swindle me. Trade's booming."

Sergeant: "Why haven't you shaved this morning?"

Private: "There were eight of us looking in the same glass."

Sergeant: "What's that got to do with it?"

Private: "I must have shaved another chap!"

AN ACCIDENT.

"However did you come to buy a motor-car?" asked one friend of another.

"Oh, it was really an accident."

"An accident. What kind of an accident?"

"I wanted a penny stamp, and I went into what I thought was a post-office, but I found it was a motor-car dealer's, and as I did not like to leave the establishment without making a purchase I bought a motor-car."

Binks, K.C. (an eminent cross-examiner, playing golf): "This is a very bad lie."

His Opponent: "Well, it should not trouble you, as you have been dealing with bad lies all your life."

"What!" shouted the patron of the restaurant. "Seven shillings and sixpence for coffee and a roll and butter! It's outrageous. I won't pay it!"

"Yes, you will," calmly announced the proprietor. "My wife went into your millinery shop yesterday, and paid fifty shillings for some wire frame, covered with two feet of lace, and an artificial rose. Now you see how it feels, don't you?"

Photographer: "I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

Farmer: "Did you catch my men at work?"

Photographer: "I think so."

Farmer: "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing! It is more than I have ever done."

SILENCE THAT DID NOT GIVE CONSENT.

Mr. Newlyrich, who had gone out for a day's shooting, was returning in the evening with a bag as empty as when he started, when he saw a man, apparently a farmer, leaning over a gate, gazing at some ducks in a pond.

"What will you take for a shot at those ducks?" asked Newlyrich.

The man stared but did not reply.

"Will half-a-crown satisfy you?"

The countryman nodded, and pocketed the coin gleefully. Bang went our friend's gun, and immediately after two of the ducks dropped.

"I think I have made a good bargain," said the man with the gun, as he packed the bodies of the victims in his bag.

"So have I," said the countryman, dryly; "them there ducks ain't mine! Here comes the farmer!"

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., March 17.
A woman who talks like a book isn't so easily shut up.

Tues., March 18.
It takes ability to know where to plant a birthday present so that it will bring forth something more expensive.

Wed., March 19.
Treat a man with the same deference as you would a picture—look at him in the best light.

Thurs., March 20.
Never run after a tramcar or a woman, there will be another along in a minute.

Fri., March 21.
It's almost as difficult to live down a bad reputation as it is to live up to a good one.

Sat., March 22.
Turn flattery wrong side out and you have slander.

Sun., March 23.
Somehow, the majority of our good habits never get found out.

ON THE TRANSFER LIST.

Captain of Migg's Court Rangers: "Will yer play for us on Sat'day, Bill?"
Bill (in demand): "Can't, old sport. Just signed on for Casey's Court. If yer wants me, my transfer fee is tuppence!"

CHANGE OF MENU.

They were discussing the dinner which was regularly partaken of by the members of the local antiquarian society.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "this year I am pleased to announce that we shall have a change of menu. A member has promised us a magnificent swan, and, as you are aware, roast swan is the fashionable dish of the day."

The announcement was received with applause, and in due course the swan arrived and was prepared and sent to table. But, despite the herculean efforts of the society's carver, the bird defied the sharpest steel.

A few days afterwards the chairman met the donor of the swan.

"That was a nice trick you played on us," he said bitterly. "We couldn't carve your swan, let alone eat it!"

"Great Scott! sir," said the donor, "you don't mean to say you tried to eat it! I sent that bird to be stuffed and preserved by the club as a curiosity. It has been in our family for 200 years."

DAT OX!

Guest: "Waiter, are you sure this is ox-tail soup?"

Waiter: "Yessuh."

Guest: "But I've found a tooth in it."

Waiter: "Well, I don't know, suh; but I reckon dat ox must have been biting his tail."

"Did you visit the Pyramids while you were in Egypt?"

"Yes; and, do you know, I couldn't help wondering why they were ever built."

"That's easily answered; they were built to disprove the old proverb that there's always room at the top."

UNFINISHED!

Mrs. Smith purchased a hat-stand, which she greatly admired, having hitherto lacked this very necessary article. Whilst showing it off to a visitor her little boy came in, and forgot to remove his hat. Thinking to teach him a lesson, she said:—

"Samuel, what did I buy that hat-stand for?"

(*See the Footline Contest on page* 976.)

Ticket-collector: "We don't stop there, sir!"

Montague Swank (who has just shown a ticket): "Stop where?"

Ticket-collector: "At the pawnbroker's."

"Oh, Clara, we had a dreadful scare this morning; a burglar scare!" said Mrs. Fink. "There was a frightful noise about two o'clock, and I got up. I turned on the light and looked down, to see a man's legs sticking out from under the bed."

"Mercy, how dreadful! The burglar's?"

"No, my husband's. He had heard the noise too."

COLLAPSE OF VICAR.

A clergyman, called suddenly away and unable to officiate, entrusted his new curate with the duty. On his return home he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon.

"The poorest I ever heard," she declared; "nothing in it at all."

Later in the day the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he got along.

"Finely, sir, finely," replied the curate. "I didn't have time to prepare anything myself, so I preached one of your sermons."

Jones: "Are you serious in your attentions to Miss Hulks?"

Bones: "Rather! Her father did me out of £40,000 on the Stock Exchange last month, and I'll get that back if I have to marry the whole family for it."

Two young women were exchanging confidences one afternoon as they sipped their tea.

"He didn't tell me he loved me," said the younger of the two, with a happy reminiscent smile, as she toyed with her spoon, "but he kissed me."

"Well," replied the other, "he must love you if he kissed you!"

It was their first venture at shooting, and they were dreadfully keen. Suddenly Casey spotted a bird, and, taking careful aim, prepared to fire the fatal shot. Then Pat seized him by the arm frantically.

"For mercy's sake, don't fire, Casey!" he yelled. "Sure, an' ye've forgotten to load yer gun!"

"That's as may be, my lad," retorted Casey, "but fire I must. Begorrah, the bird won't wait!"

UNFITTING TRUST.

Mrs. Knowing's new servant came to her the morning after her arrival and said:—

"I'm goin' to lave yez, mum, to-day. I'll not stay any longer."

"Going to leave!" cried Mrs. Knowing in amazement. "Why in the world are you going to leave so soon?"

"Well, mum," said the girl, "when I came yesterday morning you gave me the keys to yer trunks and drawers to kape for yez."

"So I did!" said the mistress. "That showed that I trusted you. What is the matter?"

"Well, yer see, mum," said the servant, "they don't one of 'em fit!"

—*Nor leave out nor add words. Give page, column, and lines chosen.* ☞

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Old Joram's Job

A Tale of Two Tramps Who Turned Highwaymen.

By J. P. LOUGHNAN.

IT was just after eleven o'clock on a bright spring morning when Mr. Fred Fosker rolled himself slowly out from under the shelter of a friendly hayrick, and began to unwind the tarpaulin which he had been fortunate enough to discover over night, and in which he had spent a peaceful and dreamless sleep of some twelve hours.

Close to the hayrick, on the other side of a fence, stretched a wood, the Long Wood it was called locally, and as Mr. Fred Fosker now turned his eyes in that direction, he saw, sitting upon a stile in the fence, another gentleman, apparently in his own line of business, if what remained of his clothes and boots could be taken as a guide.

The stranger was obviously of a friendly and expansive disposition, for, directly he met Mr. Fosker's gaze, he slipped from his seat and made his way over to the hayrick, remarking genially:

"Had a good night, matey? You was in luck, settin' that there sheet, and no mistake! I had to sleep in a barn on a floor as hard as a copper's heart, I had, over there at Little Addleton."

He jerked a thumb over his shoulder as he spoke, and took a seat beside Mr. Fosker on the tarpaulin.

"Know this neighbourhood, matey?" he went on presently, cocking a cunning eye in his new friend's direction.

"Not a bit," replied Fosker, gloomily, "and what I do know of it I don't like. Tried to knock a chicken on the head yesterday with a stone, and nearly got eaten by a darned collie wot happened to be passin' wiv its master at the time. A nasty, inhuman place I calls it, no give and take about the people. I have no use for such a district."

"Ah," said the other thoughtfully, "appearances is deceptive, an' this here place ain't no exception to the rule. Now I come along here on account of something I 'card casual like, wot set me thinkin', an' if I knew of a reliable, respectable, an' 'ard-workin' single man, wiv no incumbrinces, as they says in the lodgin'-house advertisements, I b'lieve I could put 'im on to a very remun'rative bit o' bizness."

Again he cocked an eye at Mr. Fosker, but that worthy had not lived altogether in vain, and his glance was full of suspicion as he answered:

"When blokes talks like wot you're doin' they generally wants someone to do their dirty work for 'em, so as they can walk off with the swag. I admit," went on Mr. Fosker, with beautiful humility, "that I am reliable, respectable, and with no incumbrinces, livin' parted from my wife on account of a slight dispute as to 'ow 'er weekly wages was to be spent (he bein' a terror for gin and me preferrin' 'arf-and-'arf). But that's neether here nor there; the point is wot are you up to, old cock?"

The stranger, with a brave attempt to look honest and dignified, spread out his hands and replied:

"Sir, my name is Bill Blyne—Good Ole Bill my pals call me—an' I 'ave come into this here district to make a hundred pounds"—Mr. Fosker gave a gulp and edged nearer to his companion, casting a swift glance over his attire, as though to note the probable position of the pockets. "One hundred pounds," repeated "Good Ole Bill" impressively, "which is the amount of the wages wot is paid to the employies at Messrs. Linkers, Limited, the little factory that works at Fanstead Ferry, t'other side of the Long Wood."

He pointed out across the wood, and Mr. Fosker looked hungrily up through the air ahead, as though he expected to see a covey of golden sovereigns whip in over the trees and pitch in the grass at his side.

"An' how in the name of fortune are you goin' to lay 'ands on that little sum?" inquired Fosker, still incredulously.

"Listen and 'ear, as the song says," retorted Mr. Blyne sternly. "I don't do things by half, I don't——"

"You'll 'ave to go 'arves with me?" cut in Fosker briskly, "or I'll expose yer!"

"Shut up, will you!" snapped Bill. "Of course I'll go 'arves wiv you. Listen and 'ear, I say, you impatient idjit! This 'ere money is brought every Saturday mornin' from the bank at Little Addleton yonder, through Long Wood, to Fanstead Ferry, by an ole gent of the name of Joram—Old Joram they calls him round 'ere."

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed Fosker, raising his eyes skyward, "did anyone ever 'ear such 'eights of 'uman folly! Imagine sendin' a pore ole man through this lonely wood with a hundred spondoolicks on 'im every Saturday! W'y, 'e might get knocked on the 'cad by some unprincipled pusson an' orl 'is money took from 'im on the spot!"

"You've took the words out of my mouth," said Bill; "an' yet they say 'e's bin doin' it for years an' years an' years."

Fosker groaned sorrowfully. "And to think I said crool things about this district," he muttered. "W'y, it's the spot I've bin lookin' for for donkeys' years! By the way, wot time does the ole bloke show up in the wood?"

"I've reckoned that 'e passes a certain spot I've marked in my mind's eye at about a quarter to twelve," answered Bill.

"Wot's to-day?" inquired Fosker.

"Saturday," returned Bill carelessly.

Fosker scrambled to his feet. "It must be half-past eleven by now," he said, glancing at the sun: "we 'aven't much time to spare. Are there any blackthorns growing in this 'ere wood? I'm told a blackthorn is perticilarly useful when one's in danger of losin' money."

"*We're* not in danger of losing it, stupid!" said Bill.

"We might—without blackthorns," returned Fosker. "Come on, and show me this bloomin' spot where the pore ole man passes."

They scrambled hastily over the fence and entered the wood, Bill leading. They traversed a narrow "ride" for some distance, and then came into a broad pathway which appeared to run right through the centre of the wood. Turning to the right, Bill led his fellow-conspirator to a spot where the big path was intersected by another small "ride," and, pointing to a clump of thick bushes by the side of the main path, indicated that this was to be their hiding-place.

Having cut themselves a couple of stout blackthorn clubs, they concealed themselves carefully behind the bushes, and stood there side by side and motionless, awaiting the advent of "Old Joram" with his hundred pounds.

All around them the delightful life of the woods went merrily forward. Blue tits skipped about on the branches overhead; a squirrel ran up an adjoining tree trunk, like greased lightning, popping its head round over the edge of a branch to peep down at the two intruders.

At last came a sound which caused the waiting men to draw themselves up and look out, with straining eyes, between the thorns—the heavy "smash-smash" of a human being walking slowly forward along the soft pathway. Nearer and nearer the sounds approached, until the hunched-up figure of an elderly man, leaning heavily upon a stout stick, came into view.

There could be no doubt but that this was the man they sought, and as he came up to their bush, the two men burst out on to the path, and with upraised clubs, summoned the old fellow to throw up his hands.

For an instant he appeared too utterly dazed to do anything, and then, looking from one to the other of his assailants, he let his stick fall into the mud and slowly raised his hands above his head.

"Look slippy, Bill!" exclaimed Mr. Fosker briskly. "We ain't at a bloomin' garding-party and there's no time for 'ow-de-dos. Run your 'ands over the ole bloke while I 'old my club to 'is napper!"

Thus adjured, Bill proceeded to run his hands, with suspicious dexterity, through the pockets of the old gentleman, but all he could find was half a crown, some tobacco, matches, and a pipe.

"Take his boots orf!" ordered Mr. Fosker. But there was nothing in the old gentleman's stockings.

"Well, I'm sugared!" muttered Bill disgustedly. "Say, ole chap, where's the wages for Linkers, Limited?"

The old gentleman smiled wearily. "They be comin' through in about two hours' time," he said. "Bank's out of cash this mornin', so young Buster Browne 'll be along wi' them presently."

He pulled on his boots carefully as he spoke. "The keepers will be along here in 'bout ten minutes," he added, tying the last lace; "they allus feed the pheasants just down yonder ride. If you was to take a friendly warnin' you'd git out of this 'soon as maybe. Yes, I reely think it's safer. Good-day, gents, good-day!"

The old man watched them out of sight, then slowly picked himself up, and, grasping his stick once more, resumed his journey.

Half-an-hour later he entered the cashier's office at Messrs. Linkers, Limited.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Jones," he said evenly; "very sorry to be late with wages, but I was stopped by a pair of thieves in Long Wood."

Then, chuckling thoughtfully, Old Joram unscrewed the handle of his walking-stick, and tipping it up on the table, slid one hundred golden sovereigns out from its hollow centre.

Wrapper-Scrapping for a Living.

The Wrongs of a Class who Work like Slaves and yet Barely Make a Living.

YOU see their bent backs huddled together on the low, unscrubbed benches. There may be a hundred of them, but not one looks up as you peer in. To them time is bread, and hunger makes them too miserly to spare the odd second of a casual glance. You hear the muffled scraping of a hundred pens. They are the wrapper-scrappers.

In case you are unfamiliar with the jargon of the submerged tenth, a wrapper-scrapper is a person who exists by addressing things—envelopes, postcards, wrappers, anything that big firms post by the hundred thousand to members of the prosperous public.

Wrapper-scrapping is almost entirely a home industry. It is carried on by Britishers for Britishers, the language difficulty being an effective bar against the competition of aliens. Its workers, male and female, are of all ages from eight to eighty, and from all classes; but they are drawn chiefly from members of the middle and lower middle classes who have gone under—clerks and typists who, having lost the means of keeping up appearances, despair of regaining employment, while here and there you will meet a derelict of one of the professions.

Sweaters or Starvers.

The root evil of the trade is the system of contracting-out. First-class firms who pay fair wages to their own staffs make contracts with independent agencies for the addressing work in their periodical circular campaigns. And the prices paid are such that the agency would cease to exist if it did not resort to sweating of the worst kind.

The agent is a master of the art of cutting expenses. As a rule, he has no fixed premises beyond a small office for taking orders. Instead, he will occupy temporarily untenanted buildings at a very low rent, moving from one to another in his district. To him the cost of moving is a negligible item, his sole equipment consisting of a number of easily-portable benches, which the less-wasted of his employees are generally glad to shift for a trifling payment. Sometimes, even, the agent will get this done for nothing, by threatening that he will be unable to give out work on the morrow if the "furniture" is not moved overnight.

Some Take Work Home.

In some cases the work is done at home. There are workers who prefer this, because it is then possible for young children, who are able to write clearly, to join in. But it has many drawbacks. There is the time wasted in tramping to and from the agency. Also, when work is intermittent (as it usually is), one may not be there to take it as it comes in, and "the man on the spot" gets the lion's share of the much-desired toil.

It is the irregularity of the work that makes it especially wretched. The worker may spend half his day waiting and thus earn nothing. There is no reserving the work. It is dealt out in rotation, beginning with the man who arrived first. They file past the agent in a long line.

Usually they receive long type-written sheets of specially-selected names. Rarely do they copy from directories, as this is a wasteful way of circularising.

Names May Not be Cut Down.

Day after day, year after year they write, cramped in the shifting workshops of the sweater. On "lucky" days—when work is plentiful—they are allowed to take packets to their "homes," and they will sit through the long hours of the night by a guttering candle, writing.

And they have to write carefully. No "cutting" is passed by the eagle-eyed agent. You must write "Birmingham," not Bm'gham. Every letter in the address must be distinct.

Taking the Welsh names with the rest, it is a good worker who can keep up a steady average of 100 addresses per hour. At the current rate of three shillings per thousand, it means that by writing steadily for ten hours a day—making no allowance for meals—the wrapper-scrapper could earn three shillings—if the work were regular. But the work is not regular. Eighteenpence to two shillings will more often represent a day's working and waiting.

—For the two best sentences I will give prizes of Five-shilling Postal Orders. Mark postcards "Complete." *(See page 986.)*

Heroes in the "Footer" Field.

Our Sporting Contributor Relates a Few Incidents Which Show That Professional Footballers Can "Play the Game."

MUCH is heard of the "dirty" footballer. So much prominence, indeed, is given to football "scenes" and "orderings off" that those who only read about the professional game are apt to imagine that there are no sportsmen in it.

This, of course, is absurd. There are many players of whom it may be said, as Lord Roberts said of our soldiers, that they are heroes in the (football) field and gentlemen always.

I am not going to mention names. To do so would involve giving a long list which even then would be incomplete.

Goalkeepers have a good deal to try their tempers. They are often unfairly charged, or in the case of a melée in goal they may be accidentally or deliberately kicked, more especially when on the ground with the ball under them.

They are also liable to be "baited" by hostile spectators behind them and even to have missiles and mud thrown at them.

Shook Hands With the Scorer.

None the less, goalkeepers as a class are good sportsmen, probably because successful goalkeeping calls for intelligence and coolness.

Perhaps the most sporting thing ever seen in a match occurred in the case of a certain famous Southern "goalie."

An opposing forward got away, made a dazzling run, and finished with an extraordinarily fine shot, which entered the net.

Thereupon the beaten goalkeeper advanced and warmly shook the forward by the hand, at the same time congratulating him on his brilliant play.

A funny incident I witnessed concerned a famous goalkeeper of gigantic build.

Opposed to him was a diminutive forward, who before the match had made a bet that he would charge the big man over.

He did it. He took the huge goalkeeper by surprise and with a sudden charge when the latter hadn't even got the ball, sent him head over heels into the net. Then the giant arose and calmly, judicially, without heat or temper, seized the delinquent and stood him upside down on his head. It was done with such perfect good-humour that everybody roared.

Hit the Forward on the Jaw.

That the public appreciate a "clean" player is shown by the following incident. A certain forward is noted for his scrupulously fair play and good temper. Like many "dangerous" forwards, he is often unfairly marked and stopped by illegal methods, but he has never been known to retaliate or even to protest.

In a home match this fine sportsman raced up to head the ball into goal. Simultaneously the goalkeeper rushed out to fist the ball away and quite accidentally hit the forward a terrific blow in the face, knocking him senseless.

The incident occurred on the stroke of time, and the goalkeeper just managed to reach the pavilion in safety with a hostile crowd at his heels.

They assembled outside the pavilion, and groaned and booed and announced their intention of "waiting" for the goalkeeper if they had to stay there all night.

A Club that Won't Have Dirty Players.

Things looked very ugly indeed when the chairman of the home club came out and gained a hearing.

"I am glad to tell you," he said, "that —— has recovered consciousness, and wishes to say that it was a pure accident." Whereupon the angry mob cheered and dispersed. Football crowds like players who can show good sportsmanship.

Years ago there was a certain back who was noted for the absolute fairness of his play. The directors thought him too fair, called him before them, and hinted that it is better to risk a penalty kick than to allow a goal to be scored.

His answer was that he would continue to play his way or leave the club, and they could not afford to part with him.

In contrast, the directors of a Southern League club have an inflexible rule that if a man plays "dirty" he will be given one warning and one only. A second offence means that he will be "dropped," though he be the best man in the team.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 8.

(See page 968.)

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated February 22nd, four pairs of tickets for the Cup Final were offered for the best Football Tripshots on BURNLEY. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

BURNLEY: *Beholders Barely Yawn.*

Sent by R. S. Bowman, 36 Tottenham Rd., Kingston, Portsmouth; who nominated H. Collins, 27 Gamble Rd., Portsmouth.

BURNLEY: "*Respected*" by "*Ejected.*"

Sent by Cyril W. Phillips, 16 Madeley Rd., Iron Bridge, Salop; who nominated C. Stevenson, Hill Top, Madeley, Salop.

BURNLEY: *Lancashire Eye Riveters.*

Sent by Leonard E. Newth, 74 Lawrence Hill, Bristol; who nominated Frederick Newth, 74 Lawrence Hill, Bristol.

BURNLEY: *Latest Bulletin* "*Recovering.*"

Sent by W. Valentine, 34 Heatley St., Bank Top, Blackburn; who nominated Mrs. W. Valentine, 34 Heatley St., Bank Top, Blackburn.

"SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated February 22nd, two pairs of tickets for the Scottish International at London were offered to readers domiciled in Scotland for the best Football Tripshots on ABERDEEN. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders were as follows:

ABERDEEN: "*Brawn*" *and* "*Nerve.*"

Sent by W. S. Birrell, National Bank Bldgs., Cupar, Fife; who nominated H. A. Newman, Mill St., Alloa.

ABERDEEN: *Never* "*Run Down.*"

Sent by Alex Brown, 546 Gallowgate, Glasgow; who nominated Alex Hunt, 546 Gallowgate, Glasgow.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence, when I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind,
A word of courage, or a wish of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say—
Because of some good act to beast or man—
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

DUTY HELD HIM.

THE commercial traveller had four minutes in which to catch his train.

"Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the tram-conductor.

"Yes," the bell-ringer answered; "but I have to stay with my car."

"HENRY, what does it mean when it says that a man is above reproach?"

"Means that he's dead."

ENGLISH NOT "DEEFICULT."

A YOUNG French teacher whose English was just a little uncertain, inquired of one of her pupils how to ask in the English shop for an "éponge pour le bain."

"Oh," said the latter, "all you've got to do is to tell the shopman that you want a big bath sponge to take home with you."

"Ah, it is not deeficult," she said; but when the shop was reached, she expressed it differently. "Please," she said, smiling pleasantly at the young man, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

"THE TERROR BY NIGHT"
WILL WAKE UP BRITAIN.
See Our
EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER
OUT NEXT THURSDAY.

KING GEORGE'S CALL-BOOK.

Contains the Finest Collection of Autographs in the World.

ANYONE who is officially on visiting terms with the King and Queen can always call on their Majesties by going to Buckingham Palace or any other Royal residence and writing his or her name in the call-book.

Everyone who has been presented at Court is officially recognised as being on visiting terms with the King and Queen, so that the number of people who are privileged to call on their Majesties is very large. Each Royal residence is provided with a call-book. At Buckingham Palace there are two books, one at the Equerries' entrance for general callers, and another at the Ambassadors' entrance for Royalties, members of foreign diplomatic corps in London, and Cabinet Ministers.

Everyone who calls on the King, from a Royalty downwards, writes his or her name in one or other of the call-books. In the late reign, when the then Prince of Wales called on King Edward he used to sign the call-book.

New Books Every Year.

When the King is in residence at Buckingham Palace the two call-books are sent up to their Majesties' private apartments every night at six o'clock, and are inspected by both their Majesties; the books are sent down again the following morning at 10 a.m.

The call-books at Buckingham Palace in the late reign were larger than they are now, and used to last about three years.

The present call-books are made to last a twelvemonth, and are replaced by new ones on the first of January.

The old call-books contain what is probably the finest collection of autographs in the world. The signatures of most celebrities are to be found in them. The names of kings, princes, politicians, famous novelists, great financiers, the most distinguished men in the world of art, science, and literature who have lived during the past hundred years may be found in the old Royal call-books, which would fetch many thousands of pounds if sold in the open market.

"G.R." in Gold on the Cover.

When the King and Queen travel anywhere or go on a visit to a friend, a visiting call-book is taken for their Majesties.

When their Majesties are staying on a visit with a friend the host and hostess and all the guests sign the book.

A special call-book was made for the King's Indian tour, which will be preserved among other mementoes of the Royal journey.

The ordinary call-books are bound in dark-red leather with the letters "G.R." in gold on the cover surmounted by a Royal crown.

Whenever a Royal visitor comes to stay as a guest of the King he (or she) always brings a call-book which is placed at the Equerries' entrance at Buckingham Palace, and any person calling specially on the visiting Royalty signs it.

The Emperor of Germany's call-book is most elaborately designed. It is bound in silver-gilt with the German Royal Arms heavily embossed on the centre of the cover, and the pages are of the richest art paper with rather a rough surface.

The first person to sign the call-book of a visiting Royalty is King George, and it is taken on the arrival of the Royal visitor to his Majesty's apartments for this purpose.

CLEARED OUT.

A SAD-LOOKING man entered the hut where the workmen were eating their lunches. He was holding a red can.

"Hey, fellers," he saluted them, "look at this can o' powder I picked up outside. I've a mind to blow meself up."

"Clear out of here!" ordered the foreman.

The man looked around, then walked deliberately over to the stove, opened the door, and thrust the can inside.

There was a yell of dismay and in a moment the hut was empty.

Ten minutes later the runaways returned. The can was lying harmlessly on the fire and the sad-looking man was gone. So were their lunch-baskets.

Turn to page 974 and read the joke entitled "Unfinished." ☞

Kings and Queens of Cinema

MISS LOUISE LESTER, who, as "Calamity Anne," is very fond of a pipe and a glass of beer.

SOMEWHERE about the middle of last summer, picture enthusiasts were startled and delighted by the appearance of a new character, "Calamity Anne," in the first of a series of photo-plays which have since become world-famous.

Nothing quite like her had ever been seen upon the screen before. It was recognised at once that here was an entirely novel departure from the ordinary cow-girl of the typical western drama.

For Calamity Anne makes no pretence to good looks, nor is she any longer young. A hanger-on of mining-camps, quick with a "gun," fond of her pipe and her glass, a demon with her tongue and temper, she yet compels respect because of her innate goodness of heart and strong sense of fairness.

Cancelled All Other Engagements.

It was Director Allan Dwan, of the American Film Company, better known as the "Flying A.," who first saw the tremendous possibilities, both for comedy and tragedy, of such a character, properly and sympathetically handled. But he recognised, too, how difficult a *rôle* it was for an actress to interpret.

He scoured America for his ideal, and at last he found it in Miss Louise Lester, a player of many years' experience, both in stock and travelling shows. She took up the idea enthusiastically, cancelling all her other engagements in order to live out West and study the type on the spot. For six months she haunted the dance-halls of frontier mining towns, lived in timber "shacks" in camps high up among the snows of the Rocky Mountains, sweltered in "adobe" huts on the sun-baked plains of Arizona and New Mexico.

Rough and Coarse but Womanly.

In this manner was Anne "born," so to speak. But Miss Lester confesses that she never tackled a harder job. "It is comparatively easy," she remarked, in the course of a recent interview, "to show this creature of the camps, clad in short riding-skirt, boots, wide sombrero hat, and sporting a handy six-shooter, in such a guise as to make people laugh.

"But this is not all. For to show her in this guise, and this alone, would be to destroy the real character of Calamity Anne, which is that of a woman, rough and coarse outwardly, maybe, but possessed of a strong, sympathetic, and essentially womanly nature beneath a forbidding exterior."

Miss Lester's task was to create an Anne who could make a hall full of people laugh good-naturedly one moment, and bring the quick tears of sympathy the next. How well she has succeeded is attested by the well-nigh unprecedented success of the series of films dealing with "Calamity's" many adventures.

Calamity Anne's Famous Donkey.

With Calamity Anne there goes Calamity Anne's burro "Woodrow," a donkey that, as Miss Lester proudly testifies, "can do everything but talk." In fact, he is a finished actor, the most famous donkey in pictures. "He seems actually to enjoy being filmed," says Miss Lester, "and pricks up his ears and trots out for rehearsal at the first click of the camera."

Nor are his parts all mere walking ones. In "Calamity Anne's Inheritance," for instance, the ass decides that the missing will is out of place in the villain's pocket, and stealthily abstracts it, afterwards restoring it to its rightful owner in the most natural and ingenious manner possible.

"Woodrow" came into Miss Lester's possession when he was less than a week old. Warren Kerrigan, the "Flying A.'s" leading man, was out one morning with the rest of the "boys," when they came across a Mexican lad dragging the poor little thing along on the end of a hair lariat.

In answer to inquiries he said that he had bought it for fifteen cents (about sevenpence-halfpenny), and would sell it for a quarter of a dollar. The requisite coin was promptly forthcoming, and the baby donkey changed hands there and then.

"And as it looked half-starved," said Kerrigan, in telling the story, "we laid it on its back, and tried to feed it by pouring milk down its throat. Meanwhile, unheard by us, Miss Lester had sauntered up to see what was going on.

"Directly she realised the state of affairs, she pushed in amongst us, got down on her knees, took the donkey in her lap, and started issuing orders.

"'I want you boys,' she cried, 'to go and fetch me a nursing bottle and a nipple.'

"Obediently, we went. We made tracks for the nearest town—ten miles distant—and from force of habit we turned into a saloon (Anglice, "pub") to talk the matter over. The proprietor happened to be a family man, so we made bold to ask him if he had such a thing as a nursing-bottle to spare.

Not a Band of Lunatics.

"After we had convinced him that we were not a band of wandering lunatics, he consented to ask his wife, who produced the required article after some demur. Then followed a chase back to where Miss Lester was patiently awaiting us, the donkey still cuddled in her lap. Greatly to our relief the little creature took the nipple eagerly, and peace once more reigned."

In conclusion it may be mentioned that Miss Lester's famous creation is—or rather was, for she is dead now—a real personage, only her proper name was not Anne but Jane.

Calamity Jane was, in fact, a very well-known individual indeed, out on the plains in the old pre-railroad days, and there are few frontier characters who possess a more romantic and pathetic history. Famous in turn as a woman scout, pony express rider, and Indian fighter, her thrilling adventures have formed the basis of innumerable "blood-and-thunder" stories, and the full narrative of her eventful career would fill many volumes.

(In next week's Easter Double Number: Mr. Guy Coombs.)

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"FEATURE" CONTEST.

Readers were asked to say which "feature" they liked best in the issue of *P.W.* dated February 22nd, and to give short reasons for their choice. The winners of the five half-crown postal orders offered for the best reasons submitted were as follows:

J. Genders, 32 Pitchford St., Stratford, E.; P. B. Lemon, Laburnum Villas, East Boldon, Co. Durham; P. McCaughey, Aughafad National School, Fintona, Co. Tyrone; P. A. Mortley, 5 Driefontein Ter., London Rd., Milton Regis, Kent; C. Roberts, 56 Ashford Rd., Swindon, Wilts.

"COLOURING" CONTEST.

This contest was reserved for boy and girl competitors, not above twelve years of age, and prizes of either paint sets or dolls were offered for the five best attempts at colouring the picture on page 901 of *P.W.*, dated March 1st. The following were the prizewinners:

Kate Davis, 25 Turner St., Higher Broughton, Manchester; Eric Devereux, 416 Southampton Rd., Eastleigh, Hants; Walter Cowdy, 83 New Brandling St., Roker, Sunderland; Edith McLaren, Hillview, Brechin Rd., Forfar; George Murray, 20 Kintore Place, Aberdeen.

"TELEGRAM" CONTEST.

For the five best twelve-word telegrams supposed to be sent by a £300 "Middles" prizewinner in response to the Editor's wire intimating his success, prizes of electric hand lamps were offered, and these were won by:

E. Allen, 80 Arundel Rd., Gt. Yarmouth; D. P. Hines, 47 Tennyson Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; Miss D. Johnstone, 62 St. Albans Ave., Bedford Park, W.; H. Massey, 25 Linom Rd., Clapham; Mrs C. Norman, 90 Victoria Rd., Exmouth.

"JILL" CONTEST.

Competitors were invited to submit versions of the familiar nursery rhyme, "Jack and Jill," written in rag-time verse, specimens of which appeared on page 895 of *P.W.*, dated March 1st. The five best versions were received from the following, to each of whom the prize of a watch has been sent.

O. Baird, 127 Telephone Rd., Southsea; G. Calder, 703 Pollokshaws Rd., Glasgow; T. Knighton, St Peter's College, Peterborough; A. Tournour, 4 Waldrons, Croydon; W. E. Wheatley, 139 Seaford Rd., South Tottenham.

"FILLED" CONTEST.

Some good stories were asked for, relating methods of collecting for the F.A.F. Lent Savings Boxes, and for the five best stories received prizes of half-crown postal orders have been distributed as follows:

N. Barker, 128 Newlands Pl., Pollard Lane, Bradford, Yorks.; L. Johnson, 111 Mt. Pleasant, Brixham, Devon; W. Montgomery, 42 Marion Rd., Sheffield; A. R. Osborne, Abbey Farm House, Weybourne; Scoutmaster Tebbett, London Rd., Coalville.

PAUL PRY POSTMEN.

The Postal Thief can generally "Spot" the Contents of a Letter without Opening It.

IN every honourable calling there is a sprinkling of thieves. The Post Office is no exception to the rule. True, the amount of thefts that occur in the course of the year are surprisingly small when it is remembered that the staff numbers over 200,000. But those who are criminally inclined have unique opportunities.

It is comparatively easy to steal valuables; and it is very difficult to bring the charges home to a particular subject, as so many men handle an article between posting and delivery.

The methods of the postal thief can be roughly classified as "miscellaneous" and "particular." The former consists of abstracting, during the process of sorting, envelopes or packages that appear likely to contain valuables.

Of course, at certain times it would be impossible to do this as the man is surrounded by his mates. But there are brief, slack intervals in the busiest of offices. And the sorter, being an expert in the handling of envelopes, can make a very good calculation of the probable contents of a package.

By bending an envelope he can even tell whether there is a bank-note inclosed. And anything in the shape of unregistered coin or jewellery is certain to be "spotted," and, if he is temporarily free from observation, slipped into the pocket of the thief.

Steaming a Letter Open.

He is further helped by the fact that many persons make a habit of securing with sticking paper the flap of an envelope in which stamps or postal orders are inclosed.

Arrived home, he steams the letter, or unfastens the package with the skill of an expert. The postal order may be crossed, or the valuables rendered useless to him in some other way, in which case he will carefully smuggle the missive back to the post office and pass it through in the ordinary way, so that there will not be a single unnecessary complaint.

He will also do this if the spoil be trifling, as inquiries are certain to be made, and he does not want to run a risk for next to nothing.

The thief who works on a "particular" plan is much more ingenious, for he takes a considerably smaller chance of detection.

He studies the advertisements in the Press of persons and institutions appealing for money. His selections are quite impartial—he may choose a bookmaker or a hospital soliciting subscriptions. He notes the name and address of the firm or treasurer, and takes care to abstract a good number of likely envelopes. A fair proportion of these are certain to contain money.

How the Public are Safeguarded.

If there is in his district a prosperous "Turf accountant," the thief reckons himself very fortunate. The risks here are practically *nil*; for the majority who inclose money are bound to lose, in which case no communication passes between bookmaker and client, and even if a winner were thus victimised, he would hardly be likely to complain to the authorities.

All that the dishonest sorter can do can be done by the delivering postman.

The Post Office is fully alive to the necessity of safeguarding the public from the depredations of its servants. For this purpose it has its own Confidential Inquiry Department, the chief of which receives a salary of £600 to £800. Under him are a number of travelling clerks of the first and second-class, also at liberal salaries. But the expenses of this department are fully justified by the results.

When a complaint is received, a number of unregistered packages are sent through the particular section, and the field is narrowed down, if possible, to a particular office. Then a watch is kept on any suspect. The salary of each man is known, and if any one is found to be living on a higher scale than his pay warrants, a special watch is put on him.

Marked stamps and postal orders, filled in with the name of the office at which it is payable, but without the name of the payee, are next sent along. Detection is then merely a matter of time.

In order to assist the process of tracking stolen letters the authorities have, during the last few months, adopted a system whereby the public can pay ½d. for a certificate of "proof of posting."

—As you will see, it is unfinished! I want your version of what the ending should be.

Are your Diamonds Painted?

OF all precious stones the most difficult to successfully counterfeit is the diamond, and the easiest the sapphire.

No paste has ever been made which will successfully counterfeit the diamond, at least by daylight. At night the imitation may escape detection, especially by candle light, but in daylight paste advertises itself, and no jeweller, even of the shady order, would dream of palming off a sham diamond as a real one.

The Dishonest Jeweller Has Many Little Tricks for Making Poor Gems Look Perfect.

But pray do not imagine that if you, knowing nothing about diamonds, set out to buy a diamond stud or ring you may not be swindled.

Real diamonds vary vastly in "water" and value. A stone as big as a pea may be worth only a very few pounds if it is "off colour." The perfect diamond must be colourless. There are plenty of yellowish diamonds, almost worthless in the eyes of experts, that can be faked.

Not long ago a Hatton Garden diamond merchant sued a man for selling him a yellow stone which had been "painted" to give it the bluish appearance of a good brilliant. It was not until he had taken it from its setting and washed it in hot water that he discovered the swindle.

Two Stones Cemented Together.

Another diamond swindle is to take two cut diamonds and cement them together with invisible cement. As the value of a large stone is proportionately greater than that of two smaller ones of the same quality, the advantage to the seller is obvious.

Worse still is the "doublet" diamond, consisting of a surface of real diamond cemented to a lower portion of some cheap stone, such as colourless topaz or even glass.

The hyacinth, commonly known as the "jargoon," is often found in colourless crystals. These, carefully cut, offer such a startling resemblance to the diamond as would deceive any but an expert.

Dealers in stones have processes for testing them so thoroughly that swindling is impossible. They view them in polarised light, or immerse them in strongly refracting liquids. They can also ascertain their hardness and their specific gravity.

The man in the street can do none of these things, and if he is purchasing a precious stone of any value he should take two precautions. He should never buy by artificial light, and he should insist upon seeing the stone unmounted.

The reason is this. By backing a set stone with a mount of "moor" of gold, silver, enamel, or various pigments, its defects may be completely concealed and its colour marvellously improved.

"Moor" is a black pigment composed of burnt ivory and mastic.

Pearls Are Put On Blue Cloth.

Even when the setting is not a closed one, as, for instance, in the case of a claw ring, a similar swindle is worked by "lighting" the stone from the sides instead of from the bottom.

Emeralds of poor colour are sometimes "faked" in this fashion. Even a very poor and inferior stone, when well set in heavy gold and carefully "lighted," has a surprisingly good appearance, and would deceive any one but an expert.

Pearls, like diamonds, sometimes have a yellowish hue which spoils their value. They are therefore often shown to the customer spread upon *blue* silk, which tends to counteract the yellowness, and on the other hand unmounted turquoises are shown upon an orange yellow background, thus increasing their blueness. The purchaser should insist upon inspecting all jewels upon a background of pure white.

Whatever the customer does he should above all things keep clear of the cheap jeweller. The trade in cheap and very nasty jewellery has enormously increased of late years, and in Birmingham the "slasher" or "slopper," as he is called, turns out "shadow" jewellery by the ton. This is stuff of which the gold is as thin as ·0076 of an inch, that is, about the thickness of ordinary note paper. It is stiffened with silver solder and the like, and has absolutely no wear in it whatsoever.

Camps for Good Convicts

IT is often said that the worst use to which a man can be put is to hang him, and probably the day is not so very far distant when capital punishment will be abolished in all civilised countries.

Where Gaol-Birds Who Want to Reform Plant Trees Instead of Picking Oakum.

Criminal authorities now assert that it is equally useless keeping an offender against society's laws in gaol as a criminal, and on that theory is based the modern idea of prison reform—*i.e.*, that the reformation of criminals should be aimed at, and not merely their punishment.

New Zealand, one of our most distant dependencies in the Antipodes, has gone as far as any country in the world in experimenting with prison reform, and one of the Government's most interesting experiments in this direction has been the establishment of tree-planting prison camps in the heart of the New Zealand bush.

Four of these camps have been established by the New Zealand Government within the last few years—two in the North Island of New Zealand and two in the South Island.

Prisoners are drafted to the camps from the New Zealand city gaols, and are employed in the woods cutting down trees under the supervision of prison warders. They do other bush work as well, such as clearing, fencing, and growing vegetables and grain crops for the consumption of the camp.

Good Food and Plenty of It.

The surroundings of these camps are delightful and health-giving. Working under such conditions, in beautiful sunlight and under a blue sky, the songs of forest birds lightening their labours, their thoughts uplifted by the grandeur of primeval Nature on every side, the prisoners with any good in them should find the road to reformation easy at these camps.

They have good and plentiful food—animal and vegetable—of their own raising; they breathe bracing and sunlit air; and at night, when healthily tired with the day's work in the open air, they return to clean, airy tents, perfumed with the fragrant breath of mountain pines. Truly, many thousand Londoners who have led respectable lives since their birth have a much less enviable lot!

Great care is exercised by the New Zealand prison authorities in the selection of the prisoners to go to these camps. Escape from the camps in the wild New Zealand bush is comparatively easy in spite of watchful warders, so only prisoners who during their incarceration in the city prisons have given real proof of their desire to reform are sent to the camps.

Bad Lots Are Not Wanted.

The object of the New Zealand prison department has been to make these tree-planting establishments special prisons for good conduct prisoners. The aim of the Department is to help those who are anxious to live down the past and lead honest lives in the future.

No particular class of offender is sent to these camps; the question considered before sending a prisoner there is not so much his offence and previous history as whether he is trying to reform.

In establishing these prison camps the New Zealand Government are endeavouring to carry into practical effect the theory of criminologists that no human being is without some good characteristics in his nature, and it is for those in charge of prisoners to endeavour to find the good qualities and to cultivate them.

Of course, occasional mistakes are made in the selection of prisoners for these tree-planting camps in of spite of the precautions taken, but out of nearly seven hundred men who have passed through the camps during the few years they have been in existence, only twenty-three prisoners have escaped or attempted to escape, notwithstanding the opportunities that the camps afford those who wish to make a dash for freedom. In no case has any person suffered any personal injury at the hands of an escapee, so it looks as if even "dangerous prisoners" are not so bad as they are painted, nor beyond the bounds of possible reformation.

THE LAW OF JILTING.

Love-Letters Count Most in a Breach of Promise Case.

WHEN two persons mutually agree to marry one another such an arrangement is called a "contract of betrothal," and if either the man or the woman breaks this promise the other may take an action in order to obtain compensation from the one breaking the promise.

Neither of them, however, is enabled to take an action if the one breaking the engagement is under twenty-one years. But the "infant" can always sue, even if the one breaking it off is over age. That is to say, a girl of nineteen years may be engaged to a man of twenty-five, and if she breaks the contract he is unable to take action because she is under age. But at the same time she could sue the man for the same offence, for in that case her minority is of no consequence.

It is very rarely that a man brings an action for breach of promise against a woman, but he is entitled to do so just as much as she. Some little while ago a doctor broke his engagement with a girl because he discovered that false representations had been made by her parents with regard to her circumstances and station in life.

"An Understanding" is Enough.

The girl, therefore, took action against him and won the case, because it was proved that she herself had been no party to the false representation. But had she been so the court would certainly have considered that he had sufficient reason for breaking his promise, and the doctor would not have been liable.

It is not necessary that a promise of marriage should be in express words or in writing. The promise may be proved by the conduct of the pair, and by a general definite understanding between them and their friends that a marriage is to take place.

As a rule, the love-letters that have passed between the two, and which sound so sickly and sentimental when read in the prosaic surroundings of a court of law, are sufficient to supply evidence of the alleged promise.

Crying Off Should be Paid For.

There are a great many people who speak disparagingly of the "plastering of a broken heart with bank-notes," and who believe that it is far better for the pair to cry off from their bargain than to find the angel of courtship transformed into a demon of marriage.

Perhaps in a way these people are right, but some monetary compensation should be rightly enforced by law.

Everyone should fully realise the importance of the fact that it is the woman's right to sever the tie. The man may hand her the knife with which to do so, but he must perform his part "under the rose." It may hurt his vanity for people to think she has tired of him, but he does not experience half the condemnation and pity that is showered upon the jilted woman if it is whispered that he has broken their engagement.

It is not often that comedy plays an important part in a breach of promise case, but just recently a very amusing episode occurred in connection with a broken engagement.

She Barred Meat—He Barred Her.

A young man who was about to be married to the girl of his choice, discovered one day that she had turned a vegetarian. Being a confirmed meat-eater himself he was greatly perturbed at the news, for he evidently feared that after his wedding-day he would be compelled to live upon the fruits of the earth. A quarrel finally ensued between the pair, and this ended in the man breaking off their engagement of long standing.

The jilted one then proceeded to take an action against her late lover; and on the day when the case was to be heard he happened to arrive at the station, *en route* for the court, too early for his train. In order to pass the time, therefore, he picked up a magazine, and as fate would have it, his eyes immediately fell upon an article on vegetarianism.

After reading for ten minutes the remorseful lover was thoroughly convinced that meat was odious and unnecessary. He bought the magazine, finished the article in the train, and by the time he reached the court was as enthusiastic as she on the subject, the result being that they renewed their engagement with mutual joy before the eyes of the judge.

—For the five best endings I will give Novel Sealing-wax Sets. Mark postcards "Finish." (See page 986.)

DEAD MAN'S GRIP

By ARTHUR APPLIN
AND
ELIZABETH GLAYDE.

THREADS TO PICK UP.

It has just been told how Deborah Kirke appears as an uninvited guest at the wedding of Joan and Philip, and hands the latter a letter containing the marriage certificate of Joan to her son Robert. Naturally, the ceremony is brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Joan decides to run away from home and is almost knocked down by a motor-'bus. She is taken to the police-station by a kindly constable, and here she goes from one fainting fit into another. In a little handbag which she is carrying, the police find the following note:

"If you want the child I will arrange to bring her to you *on one condition*. You know what I mean. I am willing to forgive your treatment of me, if you will only come to your senses. Come, Joan; no more shilly-shallying. You know as well as I do that *it's got to be.*"

It is signed Hesketh Brand. Thinking he is a friend of Joan, the police send for him.

Brand chuckles to himself, and comes round for Joan in a taxi-cab. He takes her to a restaurant, and, acting the hypocrite to perfection, he extracts the story of her secret marriage to Robert Kirke and the events that have followed.

CHAPTER LXXVII (*continued.*)
Joan Tells Brand Her Secret.

JOAN, married a year ago to Robert Kirke, had believed that she was free to marry Philip Derwent. What reason had she for thinking that she was free? mused Brand.

"You say that you believed you were free? Would it pain you very much to tell me what gave you that belief?" he asked.

Joan flushed deeply.

"I was told so. And, anyway, if Robert were free to marry again, I thought I was, too."

"I was told so." The man calling himself Robert Kirke would not have told her so; she could not have met him, or she would have realised the fraud. It must have been Robert's former mistress—Rachel Strode. Brand began to see clearly, to understand several things that had puzzled him for long. His suspicions were now confirmed. Robert's brother was impersonating him for the sake of the money. Had that brother definite news of Robert's death? Had he *murdered* Robert for the money? And the money by right belonged to this fair-haired girl—Joan Kirke as she really was.

This was a little matter which Brand must look into most carefully, for Joan Kirke *plus* her husband's fortune was far, far more attractive than this penniless Joan Lester. But for the present he must put the Robert problem out of his mind and devote his energies to securing Joan's confidence.

He removed his hand at last and looked at her with sympathetic, if piggy, eyes.

"Words aren't much use, are they, at a moment like this?" he began slowly. "It seems so tame, so colourless to say I'm sorry. And, anyway, I think you know that without my saying it. So all I'm going to say is this." He skilfully infused exactly the right measure of cheerfulness into his voice that would lead Joan to suppose that he was affecting, for her sake, a gaiety he was very far from feeling. "We're friends, aren't we?"

"I hope so," said Joan, gazing shyly at him. She was beginning to feel better. Food and wine had restored her, and consequently she felt a degree less hopeless, and began to have a certain amount of confidence in Brand.

"I hope so, too," repeated Brand earnestly. "And since you are going to let me be your friend, you must give me a friend's privilege—the right to help you."

The presence of the waiter with a savoury interrupted his eloquence for a few seconds, during which he pondered deeply.

A thought came to him like an inspiration, and supplied him with the very card which would win Joan's confidence beyond all doubt. In the police-station she had said vehemently that she could not go home. Brand therefore judged that he was perfectly safe in making the suggestion that had suddenly occurred to him.

He leant across the table.

"Joan, I want to help you," he began in his most earnest and impressive manner. "I want to do what is best for you now and for your future. And I'm going to urge you to do something that seems impossible to you now, because you are feeling miserable and hopeless."

"What is it?" asked Joan in a small, frightened voice. Brand played a master card. "I want you to go back home."

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't! Please don't try and persuade me. I—I really *couldn't* go back after everything that's happened! I couldn't! I might meet someone. Mr. Jephson or someone, or even Philip himself. Oh, you must see it's impossible."

"My dear"—his voice was sad, almost paternal, utterly devoid of familiarity—"it is for the best. I know exactly how you feel about it, and if it weren't that I'm thinking of your good, I shouldn't dream of interfering like this. It would be just as easy for me to agree with you that it is impossible for you to go back—easier perhaps."

He paused, fearing for a second lest he had said too much, and had really persuaded the girl into thinking that her best course lay in returning to her home. But Joan's next words reassured him.

"No, no; I know you are only doing it for my good, but I want to cut myself right away from the old life. Everything would remind me——"

Her voice broke piteously, tears filled her blue eyes.

"I understand," said Brand quietly. He filled up her glass and appeared to be once more deep in thought for her welfare. "I'll not try persuasion since you feel so strongly about it. But there's another course. Shall I get hold of Mrs. Cox and arrange for her to stay with you at some quiet rooms?" He felt by now fairly safe in making this suggestion.

Joan thought for a moment.

"No," she said at last. "She's been very, very good to me, and I believe she'd do anything for me, but she belongs so absolutely to the old life. You see, I mean to change my name—to forget, if I can, that I was ever Joan Lester or Joan Kirke." The last words were spoken so low that Brand only just caught them.

"I am in a difficult position rather," said Brand, after another pause. "I am so afraid of not doing just the best thing for you. You are absolutely determined about going back and about Mrs. Cox?"

Joan nodded.

"Absolutely. But you mustn't think because I don't agree with you that I'm ungrateful. It's only that it would be *impossible* for me to do as you wish. And I *am* grateful. What would have become of me to-night but for you? You are a very good friend to me."

"Don't say anything about that," begged Brand, with an artistic note of pain in his voice. "Well, if you've really decided, I must think what can be done."

Once again he appeared to be pondering earnestly over the problem of Joan's welfare, when, in reality, he was wondering why his landlady never gave him potatoes browned as they did them at Gamett's.

"I'm not going to offer to give you money or anything like that," he continued after a few seconds—"even if it were a hobby of mine to give money away, which it isn't," he added to himself, with an internal grin. "I wouldn't insult your splendid pride, but I can lend you enough to go on with, and later you shall pay me back."

"And you'll find me work?" said Joan eagerly. "If I had some regular work to do I should be quite all right. I could change my name, and nobody need ever know."

"An excellent idea! That's settled, then. I'll take you to a nice quiet little hotel for the night. I myself, of course, shall get rooms at some other hotel near. I'll not go back to my digs to-night—rather stay somewhere near you," he continued quickly as he saw a faint shadow of doubt creep back into the sad, blue eyes opposite him. "And then to-morrow I'll see what can be done."

"Thank you so very much!" said Joan gratefully, and, with a stab of self-reproach that she should have allowed herself to doubt this friend in need.

"There's—there's just one thing more I want to say; it's this." He halted, and his voice when he spoke again appeared to be shaken by some great emotion. "I want your forgiveness. I've no right to

(Continued on page 980.)

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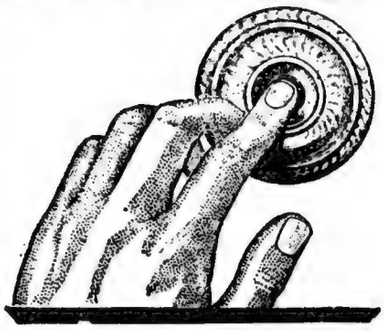

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March is the time when hares are mad—at least, that's the saying!

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from page 979*). ask it, but if, in your womanly compassion you could find it in your heart to forgive a man who in the past has wronged you, insulted your sweet purity, and generally misunderstood you, you would remove from my life something that has made it a very heavy burden lately. I don't suppose you could ever forget what a beast I've been, but at least perhaps you could make some excuse for me in your gentle heart. Do you remember that woman in the Bible to whom "much was forgiven because she loved much"? I—I've thought lately that I would like you to think of me like that, if you could. I would like you to remember that I am a man, with a man's strong feelings; sometimes I've thought that I should go mad, the longing was so great. Perhaps I *was* mad!" The last words were spoken so low that Joan thought that he was perhaps thinking aloud, and had not meant her to hear.

His words had stirred her strangely, had made a strong appeal to the deep pity which lies at the bottom of every woman's heart, and which may be claimed by any man who loves her, without return. Her instinctive dislike to Brand was dying fast; her distrust had gone, and in its stead confidence was growing, and almost tenderness for this man whose love for her had driven him to such depths, and which, now that trouble had laid its cold hand upon her, was raising him to such heights of unselfishness and devotion.

"Perhaps I have something to forgive," she said simply. "It would be affectation to say otherwise, but I do forgive you most freely"—she stretched her slender hand across the table, and to herself she murmured, "as I hope Philip may some day forgive me."

With bowed head Brand took her hand and pressed it ever so slightly.

"Thank you," he said, with impressive simplicity. And then, after a moment's silence, he drank down his coffee, which had appeared unostentatiously, and called for the bill.

Joan was slowly pulling on her gloves, when she looked straight at Brand and asked suddenly:

"Where is Olive?"

Brand had for the time quite forgotten the child. He paused for a moment, pretending to study the bill. He did not know that Joan had been with Jephson on the occasion of the train incident at Foot's Cray, but he guessed that she by this time knew some of the facts. Therefore it was useless pretending he did not know where Olive was.

"I took her away from those people at Foot's Cray," he said slowly. "She was not happy. We will pay the little lady a visit, if you like—to-morrow, in fact?"

Joan's eyes shone.

"I'd like to very much."

As he placed a tip for the waiter, Brand pushed back his chair and rose.

"You're tired," he said, looking at the girl's white face with a slow, sad smile. "I'll take you to the hotel, and see that everything is all right for you, and then you must have a good night's rest. To-morrow you mustn't think of waking one second before eleven, and then we'll see what we can do about some work for you."

"Thank you so very much," murmured Joan gratefully. "I can never tell you how grateful I am!"

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

"To-night I Shall Sleep."

It was to a small private—very private!—hotel in one of the turnings off Edgware Road that Hesketh Brand took Joan after the dinner at Gamett's Restaurant on the evening of the tragic day that should have been her wedding-day.

He appeared to be known to the proprietress—a fat, Jewish-looking woman whose continuous smile was just too wide, and whom Joan instinctively shrank from—and a comfortable bed-sitting-room was taken for Joan in the assumed name of "Miss Richards."

"You'll be quite comfy up here, won't you?" Brand had asked her in his almost fatherly way. "I've explained to the proprietress that you have no luggage, and she will see that you have everything you want. Lock your door if you feel at all nervous in a strange place. To-morrow I'll come round at about eleven, and we'll discuss ways and means of getting work. I'll go now—and you must go straight to bed. Good night, dear child. Don't do any more thinking to-night—you are quite safe here—and you must sleep and not dream."

He was so changed—so different. He seemed now to think only of her good name, thought Joan, raising thoughtful blue eyes to Brand's large and now kindly face.

"Where will you go now?" she asked.

Brand shrugged his shoulders.

"I? Oh, somewhere quite near. I haven't decided yet. I shan't go far away though. I shall like to feel that I'm—sort of taking care of you by being near."

Joan thought.

"It seems so selfish of me to let you go to some place which perhaps you don't know. Couldn't they find a room for you here? I believe it's raining, too—you mustn't go out again. I know it's only me you're thinking of."

Brand could hear the loud pumping of his heart. With a terrific effort he kept out the expression of triumph that was trying to leap into his eyes. His new *rôle* was successful beyond his wildest hopes. He had been able to instil such trust into the once distrustful soul of this girl who hitherto had made no secret of her loathing for him, that of her own accord she had begged him to sleep under the same roof which was to shelter her for the night. Should he now take advantage of her confidence? She seemed to want him to stop. Was it possible she—— On the whole he decided to go. A waiting game would be the safest. She was in his power at last, absolutely, and he could afford to wait, as he had already waited so long. There was something very agreeable to his epicurean palate in the idea of waiting for Joan in these changed conditions, and anticipation of any sort of pleasure was always enjoyable, provided one was certain of realisation, sooner or later, and *preferably sooner*.

He turned his small eyes with their recently-assumed expression of kindly sadness upon the tired white face of the girl he was playing with, and slowly shook his head.

"It means—a good deal to me," he said haltingly, "that you should ask me to stop here—perhaps even you might feel a wee bit happier, and safer because I was in the same house. A month ago I couldn't have resisted. But I've got to think of you, to guard you from the very faintest suspicion of gossip—the most innocent act can be misconstrued and cause people to talk. No, Joan, because I love you so deeply, because you are sad and helpless, and have put yourself in my hands, believing that I will do what is best for you—in short, because you trust me, I must not stop in the same hotel with you. Do you understand? You know I would like to be near you—but, well, for the reasons I have given you I must get a room elsewhere."

Hot tears of gratitude filled Joan's tired eyes. She took his fat hand with both of hers.

"You are very good to me. I will tell you now that when you came to the police-station, and even when we were having dinner, I didn't trust you—I didn't quite know what was going to happen to me—I don't think I cared. But now I do trust you—you're the only friend who can help me. And not only do I trust you absolutely, but you've done something else for me—given me courage. If I could have died this afternoon I would have been glad. But to-night I want to live—to forget what has happened. I want to get work, and to make a living for myself, and to pay you back the money you are going to lend me. The kindness and the sympathy, that I can never repay you."

Once again the old instinct for possession seized Brand. He meant to say that she could repay him, he wanted to take her in his arms, and tell her how; but he was growing very wise. He choked back the impetuous words, held his arms close to his sides when they longed to stiffen around the slender body of the girl he desired.

"I am glad—far gladder than I can say," he murmured. "And since you tell me that I have been able to help you a little, I, in my turn, would like to say something to you. Since I wrote that—that letter—the letter that was found in your purse—I haven't slept. I was mad when I wrote it, I believe. I would have done anything for one kind word from you, and when I knew it was hopeless, that you hated and despised me, I wanted, in my madness, to hurt you.

"Ah, it's over now," he continued sadly, as Joan looked half-afraid and very puzzled. "I am sane enough now—quite sane and normal. You do not love me, and that is enough for me. I cannot change my own feelings, but—you have nothing to fear from me now. And if I can serve you that is enough compensation for my misery in the past."

He paused, and conscious that Joan's wondering eyes were watching him, an expression suggestive of tragic and terrible memories flitted quickly over his face.

"I haven't slept," he repeated in a voice full of a most excellently assumed listlessness. "But you've forgiven me, Joan. I've heard it from your own lips. You trust me enough to let me help you—to-night I shall sleep."

Seldom had Hesketh Brand enjoyed any phrase of his own as he enjoyed this last, and it is probably quite unnecessary to state that, naturally a heavy sleeper, the only thing likely to keep him awake was a severe attack of indigestion consequent upon a lobster supper!

"Yes, I trust you," said Joan simply; and then she began to speak quickly and eagerly. "Where is Olive? Is she at this place? You said you would take me to her. Is she all right? I should like to see her again," said Joan softly.

Brand laughed pleasantly.

"Why, yes, of course she is. She's a sad little person—one of those little unwanted children who seem to belong to nobody in particular. We'll go down and see her if you like. She is at present with an old

(Continued on page 981.)

TOILET RECIPES.

The Latest and Smartest Beauty Recipes, collected from various Expert Beauty Writers.

Cultivating Eyelashes.

"Useful Talks."

It seems strange that women who aspire to making the most of their good looks do not give more attention to their eyebrows and lashes—the most expressive features of the face. Stroking gently with a soft camel-hair brush will do much to train and beautify the hairs, and for making them grow long and dark, smart women are using a substance known to chemists as mennaline, which is absolutely harmless, and may be applied directly with the finger-tips. This very delicate pomade-like substance is somewhat rare, and your chemist may have to order it for you from his wholesaler, but it is well worth the trouble for long, curling, dark lashes make even the plainest face very attractive.

Is Camphor Fatal to Superfluous Hair?

"The Lady Beautiful."

* * * And why should not women seek also to permanently remove an ugly growth of superfluous hair? For this purpose smart women use a simple lotion consisting merely of one half-ounce spirits of camphor and two ounces peroxide of hydrogen. Pour out about half a teaspoonful, to which add a few drops of ammonia. First, however, the superfluous hair must be removed by applying pure powdered pheminol directly to it. This immediately exposes and weakens the hair roots. The camphor lotion is then applied daily in the manner described until the damaged roots are entirely killed. When thus used, in combination, these four drugs seem to react upon each other in such a way as not only to remove the hair instantly, but to permanently destroy the roots.

Emergency Complexions.

"Novel Recipes.

Even a complexion which is hopelessly dull or greasy can be made beautiful in a moment by a perfectly harmless home recipe. If you have no cleminite in the house, get about an ounce from your chemist, and add only enough water to dissolve it. The process defies detection, and the result is an immediate appearance of velvety, youthful "bloom" which every woman desires. The effect will last all day under the most trying conditions, indoor or out, and renders powdering quite unnecessary. This simple substance is also very good for the skin, and no possible harm can come from its regular use.

Homely Hair Hints.

"Practical Suggestions."

The best way to keep a good head of hair is to form the habit of pulling it — scientifically. Regularly every night and morning lift the scalp gently but firmly by grasping large handfuls of hair. This loosens the scalp, stimulates the roots, secretions and removes deadened hairs. But when the hair is weak and falling, a good scalp tonic is needed. The most effective one can easily be made at home by mixing about an ounce of boranium and ¼ pint of bay rum, both ingredients being obtainable at any chemist's. To invigorate the scalp and start the hair growing again apply this lotion occasionally to the hair roots with the finger tips.

A Strange Shampoo.

"Cosy Corner Chats."

* * * I was much interested to learn from this young woman with the beautiful glossy hair that she never washes it with soap or artificial shampoo powders. Instead she makes her own shampoo by dissolving a teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water. "I make my chemist get the stallax for me," said she. "It comes only in ¼ lb sealed packages, enough to make up fifteen or twenty individual shampoos, and it smells so good I could almost eat it." Certainly this little lady's hair did look wonderful even if she has strange ideas of a shampoo. I am tempted to try the plan myself.

—Can you tell me, therefore, "Why did the March hare march?" ☛

DEAD MAN'S GRIP *(continued from page 980)*

servant of mine staying at a picturesque old place on the river—quite safe and well."

A queer look passed over Brand's face.

"And happy?" queried Joan eagerly.

"And very happy, I believe," said Brand, with a quick half-smile which Joan did not notice. "Dear little girl. I'm very fond of little girls of that age," he added dreamily as he picked up his hat to go.

"Good night," said Joan, softly. "I can't thank you properly, but I'm glad you will sleep to-night. Sleep well."

CHAPTER LXXIX.
To Find Robert Kirke.

MR. THOMAS CHRISTIAN JEPHSON stood staring moodily out of the window of his bedroom.

His holiday was waiting for him. It had been broken into by Joan's wedding—now he was free to return to it.

But it looked as though, for the moment, Jephson had lost all interest in it. It was quite natural he should not be in the mood for merry-making.

The blow that had fallen on Philip Derwent hit Jephson very hard. He suffered as well as the man who had been deceived.

He felt bruised all over—heart, head, and spirit. As a matter of fact Jephson's pride had been dealt a severe blow. His judgment had been belied, his faith betrayed.

Joan Lester had deceived and fooled him more completely even than she had deceived Philip. For Philip loved her, and a man in love is naturally more or less blind to faults and imperfections.

But it was Jephson's business not to be deceived. It was Jephson's business to divide the sheep from the goats, the honest and the wise from the knaves and the fools.

Gentle, delicate, fair-haired Joan had made a complete fool of him. He was not angry with her. He was angry with himself.

It had spoiled his holiday too.

How Hesketh Brand would laugh. That thought rankled a little, for Jephson was only human. But he was a gentleman, and at that moment he felt it was almost his duty to seek out Brand, shake hands with him, and apologise.

Not that his feelings for Hesketh Brand as Hesketh Brand had changed in the least. He still regarded him as the piggy type of man; rather unpleasant and not too clean, mentally or morally. But in so far as his behaviour towards Joan was concerned he had absolutely misjudged him.

Why, as Brand himself would have expressed it, Joan had given him the glad-eye. He began to wonder how many men's lives she had tampered with, probably ruined.

And the dreadful little thought that had sometimes come in the past, only to be dismissed contemptuously, returned again, nagging incessantly, refusing to be dismissed:

Did Joan Lester know who had murdered her father?

Was she perhaps an accomplice?

Married to Robert Kirke! Ever since the murder of Joseph Lester, her husband had neither been seen nor heard of. Her refusal to ask him to come forward and give evidence that would immediately have cleared Philip Derwent from suspicion. The secrecy he now knew she displayed about everything. The clever way she had deceived everyone. Her intrigue with Hesketh Brand.

And as Jephson remembered that, but for his interference, Joan would have become Brand's mistress, betrayed both her husband and the lover who hoped to make her his wife, his blood boiled. The slight yet firm jaws snapped together; the lines about his face deepened.

Turning from the window he put on his hat, threw his coat over his arm, and without even waiting to see that he had his usual supply of bulls-eyes tucked away in his pocket he left the house and walked rapidly along the street.

Perhaps for the first time in his life he thoroughly looked the part he played. There was nothing of the amateur detective about him now. He was the genuine article. Not the type turned out by Scotland Yard—clever, painstaking, and unimaginative—but Nature's own crime detector. A human sleuth-hound on the trail. Hot and panting to find and come to grips with its lawful prey.

Jephson was angry. Very angry. Angry with himself. Angry with Fate. Surely the man who had killed Joseph Lester was no ordinary criminal.

The ordinary criminal always leaves some important clue; always, if one waits, he does something foolish which betrays him.

Take the case of Blenkington, though Jephson no longer classed him as a criminal. Yet he had been a gaol-bird and was hiding from the police. He had betrayed himself in just one of those little errors which even the cleverest man makes.

He had confessed to Jephson that sentiment had made him keep that little box bearing the initials C. W. It was the only link he possessed in the world with his past life. It had been a present from his mother while he was yet a youth. Everything else connected with his past, with his real self, with Caleb Wrench, he had wiped out, utterly obliterated. Everything but that simple little wooden box, given as a birthday present by a fond mother. The sort of thing a man is supposed to keep his collar studs in and which he usually uses as an ash-tray or an ornament.

And it was that box, bearing these initials, which had at first attracted Jephson's attention, roused his suspicions, started him on the trail which led to the unmasking of Benjamin Blenkington.

Jephson laughed grimly as he strode along. The murderer or murderess of Joseph Lester had left clues in plenty—the walking-stick, the torn half of a five-pound note in the dead man's hand, the coat hanging in the hall on the rack. Yet not one of these had proved of the slightest assistance in unravelling the mystery.

And again, and yet again, that dreadful insistent thought tapped at his heart:

Joan Lester knows who killed her own father.

Little, innocent, fair-haired Joan Lester! A girl with a face such as children dream the angels have, and a voice gentle and true. And eyes on whose purity a man would bank his soul.

If her husband had killed Lester, and she knew this, it looked as though Hesketh Brand would know, too.

Suddenly Jephson stopped dead, and taking off his hat ran his fingers through his hair. A little voice suggested that instead of allowing these wild thoughts and suggestions to torture him and play pitch and toss with reason, he should pack up his bag, go back and continue his holiday.

Yet—Hesketh Brand and Joan Lester! It was grimly humorous how those two he had striven his best to keep apart were now united in his thoughts, fears, and suspicions.

He knew it was not a bit of good seeking out Joan. If she had been clever enough to keep her secret all this time there was not much chance that he would drag it out of her now. Brand was a different proposition.

Jephson replaced his hat and walked on.

All roads lead to Rome. But there is one straighter, more direct than the others. Jephson wanted the straight, quick road. The road which led direct to Robert Kirke. Everything now seemed to point to Robert Kirke being the murderer.

The motive for such a terrible deed was scarcely apparent. It might have been money, it might have been a violent quarrel, on the old man discovering that Robert had secretly married Joan. And there was the possibility that Robert Kirke himself had discovered Joseph Lester's secret—knew that he was shielding and blackmailing the man who had killed his, Robert's, father.

Again Jephson stopped. His eyes were shining red, his nostrils dilated.

He found himself standing opposite Robert Kirke's studio. If he had been superstitious he might have taken it as an omen.

After a moment's hesitation he crossed the road and knocked at the door. Jim Strong opened it.

"Hello! You here again!" he cried cheerily. "Not another little bill, I hope?"

Jephson smiled and shook his head. "This is not an official visit, Mr. Strong. The matter of that account was cleared up quite satisfactorily. As I was passing I thought I would drop in and see how you were. As a matter of fact I'm having a holiday."

Jim Strong looked at him and nodded sympathetically. "And you look as though you wanted one," he replied bluntly. "No offence. Will you step inside and put on a pipe? I'm afraid I ain't got nothing to offer you to drink, but I can run round to the pub for a glass of ale in half a jiffy."

"Thanks!" Jephson said, "but I'm not thirsty. Your master hasn't returned yet, then?"

"No!"

"Evidently he can take a long holiday. Lucky beggar."

Jim Strong deftly filled and lit a black briar-wood pipe with his one hand. Watching him, Jephson was conscious of his fine physique, the broad chest, the splendid muscles rippling beneath the shirt which the unbuttoned coat displayed.

"About that ju-jitsu," he said presently with a smile. "I was going to take you on, wasn't I?"

Mr. Jim Strong slowly emitted a cloud of tobacco smoke between his lips. And he smiled, much as one can imagine an elephant smiling at an ant which has threatened to devour it.

"You were serious?"

Jephson nodded.

"I shouldn't if I were you, sir," Strong said kindly. "Of course I ain't any good in the Ring now. But in an ordinary way, without boasting, I'm a nasty customer to tackle. You see, in one sense, with a man who don't know his business the handicap of one arm proves an advantage. I'll show you. Just get up and hit me, sir."

Jephson shook his head. "I don't want to. I

(Continued on page 982.)

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DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from page 981*). was speaking of ju-jitsu. All the same, having two arms I might get a blow in on you—by accident."

"Get up and hit me," Jim Strong repeated, taking the pipe out of his mouth and putting it down. "I won't lay a finger on you, I promise. Go on, hit me sir. And hit hard."

Jephson rose. "Merely as an experiment?"

He feinted with his right, then drove with his left straight at Jim Strong's chin. He swung round, using his one sound arm more as a propeller than as a guard. Quickly Jephson recovered and went for the body with his right. Strong covered with his arm. Instantly Jephson's left straightened for the face. Strong spun round like a tee-totum, and Jephson—who had made certain of hitting him—was surprised to receive a gentle smack on his face followed by a playful tap in the region of his heart.

"You are quick!" he said, panting.

Strong smiled deprecatingly. "I've got a punch-ball here, sir. Watch!"

For a couple of minutes Jim Strong made the ball dance. It danced quicker than the eye could follow. It seemed to be making circles round Strong's head. It never touched him.

"I have to do something to keep myself fit, sir. Between ourselves I'm getting a bit fed-up with this 'ere studio and nothing to do. Enough to make a man take to drink."

Jephson yawned. "Yes. Pity Mr. Kirke doesn't come back."

"You seem very interested in Mr. Robert Kirke." Jim Strong frowned. There was a touch of resentment in his voice.

"I am interested in you," Jephson replied. "Do you want a job?"

"Can't leave this one. Not yet, at any rate."

"You needn't." Jephson stood beside him and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Look here, Mr. Strong, you're a white man. I never make a mistake"—he stopped abruptly and his pale face flushed—"not often, anyway. I've got a little job. I might want your help."

"What sort of help?"

Jephson smiled. "The sort of help you were giving that punch-ball just now. I've got my eye on one or two of the prettiest scoundrels imaginable. Supposing the time came when I had to teach the gang a lesson? I might find myself in a tight corner facing big odds. Would you care to come along with me?"

Jim Strong gave a heavenly smile. "You bet I would. I don't quite follow your meaning."

"I'll explain when the time comes. I shan't ask you to do anything illegal, but——"

Jim Strong closed his eye knowingly. "I understand. But you said a *gang*. I don't know that I would be much good against a gang. Not that I mind trying."

Jephson stepped back, and looking at Strong, smiled: "Hit me," he said.

Jim Strong shook his head. "Don't you be silly!"

"Hit me!" Jephson repeated. "Anyway, anyhow you like. Or kick me if you prefer it."

Strong raised his arm then dropped it. "I can't," he said simply. "I might hurt you!"

Jephson slipped his hand into his trouser pocket. "I'll give you a couple of pounds if you hurt me."

There was not the least trace of boasting in his voice.

"Of course, if you wants to tempt Providence——"

Strong sent a swinging blow with his open hand at Jephson's face. The next moment he found himself kneeling at Jephson's feet. Exerting all his strength he tried to wrench himself free. A yell of agony escaped his lips. Jephson released him.

"By gum," Strong said, and his eyes dilated admiringly, "but that was a near thing. If you hadn't let me go you'd have broken the only blooming arm I've got!"

Jephson smiled. "It's just a trick, Mr. Strong. It's not very pretty. I'd rather see a couple of men sparring in the Ring. But it's useful for weaklings like myself."

Jim Strong picked up his pipe and relit it. "Useful," he gasped. "You bet!" He followed Jephson to the door. "Look here, Mr. Jephson, you and I, together, could do some dirty work! Don't you forget to let me know when the time comes. I'm your man. I'm just aching for a scrap!"

"I shan't forget," Jephson said. "And it may be quite soon. So long, Mr. Strong!"

Jim Strong watched Jephson out of sight. His estimation of him had gone up fifty per cent. Then he went back to the studio and looked ruefully at his punch-ball.

"There is something you can't teach me, after all."

And he let drive a furious blow at it, then sat down solemnly and tried to remember what Jephson had done to get him down.

Jephson had made up his mind now. He had decided on his line of action. His talk with simple, honest Jim Strong had been a tonic to him. He hurried into the main road and took an omnibus to Beagle Street.

He had made up his mind to find Robert Kirke at

(Continued on column three.)

Picture Pars

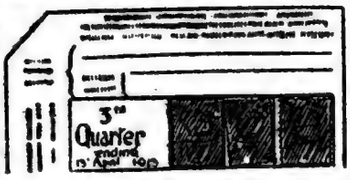
We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

THE MISSING CORNER.

THOSE who have insurance cards may have noticed that one of the corners is missing. This is for the convenience of the clerks who have to deal with these cards.

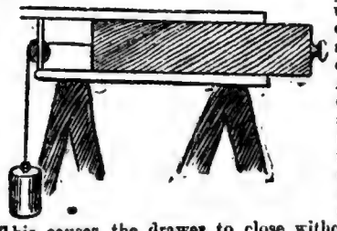
When the cards are in bundles the missing corner shows at a glance whether or not the cards are all arranged in the same way.



Another advantage is that when a card has to be temporarily removed from a bundle its position can be noted by the card next to it being turned round, thus showing an uncut corner in the row of cut corners. In this way the removed card can be put back into its correct place without the bundle having to be sorted through.

USEFUL FOR WORKSHOPS.

IN wall benches the device shown in this illustration proves very useful. It consists of an automatically closing drawer At the back of the bench a weight is suspended from the back of the drawer by a length of string.



This causes the drawer to close without assistance, which proves a great help to workers who have continually to open it, and often have their hands too full to close it again.

FOR AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

TAKING photographs from an aeroplane is not an easy task, as it is almost impossible to focus the camera away from the struts and wires of the machine which everywhere surround the aerial photographer. But by means of the ingenious invention shown here perfect snapshots of the earth can be taken by aviators. It consists of a camera attached to a gun stock at an angle of forty-five degrees. The operator places the end of the instrument to his shoulder as though he were firing a rifle, and this suspends the camera well out from the structure of the aeroplane. The shutter of the camera is operated by the trigger at the stock of the gun, and a spirit level close to the aviator's eye tells him the correct position in which to hold the camera.

NO MORE UNSTEADY TABLES.

IF one leg of your table is shorter than the other adopt this useful device and have no more trouble with a "wobbly" table.

Simply screw a rubber heel pad on to the short leg as shown in this illustration. Generally an old worn pad is thick enough to put the leg right, but the correct thickness required can easily be gauged by packing paper under the short leg until the table is steady. If the pad is too large it can easily be trimmed off with a penknife. Even if your table does not "wobble" you will find that a rubber pad fixed on to each leg will greatly save wear and tear of carpets and linoleum.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from col. 1*).

once. Robert Kirke, the husband of Joan Lester. The one person who knew his whereabouts was Deborah Kirke, his mother!

Deborah Kirke was in his debt. Deborah Kirke, moreover, was no friend of Joan Lester's—her son's legal wife. As far as Jephson could judge she had been quite honest in denying all knowledge of the marriage. Yet she herself had delivered the fatal letter at the altar, though she did not know the contents of the envelope till Philip had opened it.

There were many complications, but only Robert Kirke himself could unravel them.

Thomas Christian Jephson squared his shoulders and hurried. He was going to get Robert Kirke all right.

As he walked down Beagle Street he saw a tall, gaunt figure come down the steps of the house in which he was bound.

Deborah herself!

She came towards him, but not until they met did she recognise him.

"Good morning!" Jephson said, raising his hat. "I was just coming to see you on a rather important matter. I wonder if you would be kind enough to give me ten minutes?"

Deborah Kirke looked at him dully. She had aged since their last meeting. Her face looked thinner, her hair whiter, her eyes harder and more cold than ever. Her mouth was just a cruel slit.

"There's nothing of importance in the world to me," she said with a cynical smile.

Jephson glanced round. They were alone on the pavement. "There is your son!"

Deborah did not start. The fixed expression of her face did not change. But Jephson, keenly observant, saw her right hand tighten. She was holding something between her fingers, a slip of paper. A telegraph form.

"What do you know about my son?" she asked coldly.

"As much as you. Perhaps more. Mrs. Kirke, come back to the house and let us talk."

She seemed to hesitate a moment. "You must wait another day, I'm in a hurry."

"On a matter of no importance?" He glanced at the clenched hand holding the telegraph form.

Deborah Kirke's eyes gleamed. "What do you want to talk about?" she whispered.

"Your son."

She looked at him defiantly. "Say what you have to say here."

"Very well." Jephson met her eye to eye. "Your son has committed bigamy. Perhaps that's not his only—mistake—he has made. The truth will come out sooner or later. Probably he himself does not know yet that we've discovered it. He will give himself away—unless he's warned. Then the police will arrest him."

Jephson saw Deborah Kirke's gaunt body quiver.

"I want to find him," Jephson continued, "before the police. I want to bring him back here—to you if you like. His bigamous marriage doesn't interest me much. I won't give him away. But there is another secret he possesses, a mystery in which I am interested and which he alone can clear up. I want to find him, Mrs. Kirke. The quickest, surest way will be for you to tell me where he is hiding."

There was a short silence. Deborah Kirke's eyes narrowed. "I don't know."

Jephson pointed to the clenched fist. "You are telegraphing to him."

Deborah flung back her head and her teeth gleamed wolf-like between the curled line of bloodless lips.

"You're a clever man, Mr. Jephson. When I first met you I took you for a fool. And once I thought I never made a mistake."

"We all make mistakes," Jephson said humbly.

"Even you," she sneered.

"Even I."

Another pause. Deborah's voice dropped. "I found Caleb Wrench for me. You found out the truth about my husband's death. I suppose eventually you will find my son Robert?"

Slowly she turned. "Come back to the house and perhaps I'll tell you where he is hiding—his—wife!"

She spat the last word venomously on to the pavement. Jephson followed her to her gloomy home. Together they entered.

The door closed with a hollow bang behind them.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

"THE TERROR BY NIGHT."

The Finest Story of the Air ever written Starts in our

EASTER DOUBLE NUMBER

OUT NEXT

THURSDAY.

Now, ladies! Can you tell me "Why is spring-cleaning like a bad-tempered husband?" *(Turn to page 983.)*

GLOBE METAL POLISH

in Paste & Liquid

MADE IN ENGLAND.

There's nothing new about the Globe way of polishing! Thousands of women are to-day keeping their bright metals at their brightest with very little trouble by using Globe. But perhaps you haven't tried it. If not, try it to-day. You will be surprised how little rubbing is needed to get the most brilliant shine with Globe. And—this is where Globe is so much superior to other polishes—*the shine lasts.* It does not tarnish so readily and your brasses will not require cleaning nearly so often if polished with Globe. It costs no more than the ordinary polish and saves a lot of hard work, to say nothing of the time. There is no waste with Globe. Very little is needed and the sprinkler-top can enables you to take out just sufficient. Even if you knock the can over the polish will not run out.

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Paste—1d., 2d., 4d., and larger tins.

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Of Grocers and Stores everywhere.

C2

GLOBE PRIZE SCHEME.

Thousands of valuable prizes are given to users of Globe. Ask your dealer, or send postcard to Raimes & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E., for full prize list and particulars.

Raimes & Co. Ltd., Bow, London.

DAINTY DISHES.

Collared Beef.

Take the thick end of the flank, but avoid a joint which is too fat. Lay the meat in pickle for ten days. Then chop up a handful of parsley, with a few sage leaves, and a little thyme and marjoram. Season with equal parts of ground allspice and pepper. Spread out the beef on a dish and cover it well with this seasoning, then roll it up tightly and tie with tapes. Place in a clean cloth, tie up, and boil for four hours. When cooked, remove from the saucepan, but do not take off the cloth. Place between two dishes, and put a heavy weight on the upper one. Leave till quite cold.

Steak Brawn.

Pass one pound of lean beef steak through a mincing-machine with four ounces of uncooked bacon. Crumble very finely four ounces of bread, and add to the minced meat. Mix well, and season with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a little sage and parsley, chopped finely, and salt and pepper. Bind with one egg. Roll in a cloth, and boil for two hours. Press well, and leave till quite cold.

Cheshire Pork Pie.

Take two or three pounds of pork and cut it into strips the size of a finger. Line a buttered piedish with puff paste, and put in a layer of pork seasoned with pepper, salt and nutmeg; next put in a layer of thinly sliced apples upon which a little sugar should be dusted. Place alternate layers of pork and apples until the dish is full, then pour in half a pint of cider and place a few bits of butter on the top. Cover with paste, cut a small slit in the top, brush over with beaten egg, and bake for one hour and a half.

Save-All Pudding.

Collect all the odd scraps of bread and weigh them. Allow one pint of milk to every pound of bread, and place in a saucepan. Allow to boil, then beat well with a fork till smooth. Add two eggs, three ounces of sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a scraping of nutmeg, and a few drops of vanilla flavouring. Mix and place in a buttered pudding-dish. Strew over the top two ounces of chopped suet and four ounces of currants. Bake for one hour in a moderate oven. This pudding can be eaten hot or cold.

Cocoanut Cake.

Mix half a pound of flour with three ounces of grated cocoanut, add three ounces of caster sugar and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Then rub in three ounces of butter, and add one well-beaten egg. Place in a greased cake-tin and bake for one hour.

Apple Jelly.

Peel, core, and slice the apples thinly without removing the core or pips. For every pound of apples allow one pint of water and stew till perfectly soft and pulpy. Then strain through a jelly-bag and return to the stewpan with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon to each pound of fruit. Boil till it jellies, then place in preserve jars and tie down.

TORN TO PIECES.

By Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Food Sickness.

So-called "Incurable" case cured by VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

"I think it is terrible to see little children suffer from Bronchial troubles because of some mother's mistaken ideas that they cannot be cured. I say they can be cured, and that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure can cure them," say Mrs. Thew, of 53 St. Mary's Street, Southampton. This lady further writes: "Last winter my little boy was fairly torn to pieces with acute Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Food Sickness. His was a very bad case, as everything I tried proved of no avail, all food he took being immediately thrown back by fits of coughing. However, one morning I gave him a dose of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and oh! the relief of my mind; he improved at once, for he kept his food down, and within a very few weeks he was perfectly cured. Where now was the Whooping Cough and Bronchitis that people said 'could not be cured'? Absolutely gone, and Veno's had banished it." Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is a perfect remedy for all diseases of chest, lungs, and throat in children or adults. Price 9½d., 1/1½, and 2/9, of all chemists.

Mother Talks

Told by a Woman of Experience.

No. IV.—THE TELL-TALE-TIT.

"I SHALL tell of you!" is a phrase which ought never to be heard on a child's lips. For a girl who is a tell-tale-tit at ten is almost certain to be a gossip at thirty, and a wicked old scandal-monger at fifty.

I say "girl," because, though girls as a whole are on the mend in this matter, they still tell tales more easily and readily than boys do. A girl's tongue is often "hung in the middle," so that she chatters without considering what she says. If she is encouraged to talk about the faults and failings of other people, she will soon develop into a perfect terror; but if she is firmly "squashed" at the start, she will grasp the fact that there are certain occasions on which "silence is golden."

It is often difficult for mothers and teachers to uphold the standard of honour among children, as there are many circumstances in which a tell-tale would be a most convenient person to have about the place. A piece of mischief has been done, and the author of it cannot be traced. You are most anxious to know something about one child, and you feel sure that another is able to give you the necessary information.

Under such conditions as these it is very hard indeed not to say:

"You had better tell me what So-and-so did, dear. No, that will not be sneaking, because mother wants to know. Don't say a word to him, but just watch, and tell me quietly what happens."

This may be very convenient *once*, but what about next time? If the children are taught to carry tales for your pleasure, they will certainly

The real sneak always tells tales to blacken others.

carry them also for their own, and you won't have a single word to say against it.

The most disagreeable attribute of the real sneak is that he or she is nearly always self-righteous. People tell tales in order to blacken others and make themselves seem white by comparison.

"I felt it my duty to tell you. It gives me great pain even to speak of such things, but I cannot feel that it would be right to keep silence. There's nothing I hate more than gossip and scandal!" are phrases constantly on the lips of the grown-up sneak, while the baby tell-tale-tit cries: "Sissy bad, bad girl! Baby not love Sissy! Baby good!"

I think it is Mrs. Molesworth who gives a very charming story of a little girl who went tale-bearing to her grandmother. So-and-so had done such-and-such a thing in this-or-that way, and so on through an endless rigmarole. The old lady listened patiently to the end, and then she said:

"My dear, you have told me a great deal about So-and-so, but not one word about yourself! Have you no faults at all of your own that you are so much taken up with those belonging to other people?"

If mother adopts this kind of attitude, she will find it quite easy to check gossiping and back-biting among the little ones. And this is a work well worth doing, for only from a common-sense point of view, in every walk of life the tongue-holder succeeds where the tongue-wagger fails, for trustworthiness and discretion have a high commercial value—much higher than that set upon many more showy virtues.

(Next week the Little Dressmaker will tell you how to alter a ready-made blouse.)

HOME HINTS.

When Cleaning Silver

Mix the plate-powder with methylated spirit instead of water and the polish will be brighter and last longer

Hot Water Marks

Can be removed from japanned trays by rubbing with sweet oil. When the marks have disappeared, rub with dry flour and a soft cloth.

To Remove Scratches from Furniture,

Mix linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts and apply to the scratches. As soon as the marks disappear, rub briskly with a cloth.

Oak Furniture,

When dull and shabby-looking, should be washed over with warm beer, and when dry, polished with beeswax and turpentine. Rub well into the wood, working in the direction of the grain.

To Patch Wallpaper,

Tear a piece slightly larger than the portion to be covered, to match, but torn with rough edge and without any definite shape. Then paste over, and the patch will not be noticeable.

Hints for the Home Laundress.

Dissolve

A lump of soda in a little hot water and add to the blue water. This prevents the blue from settling in the clothes and makes them beautifully white.

To Keep Irons from Rusting

Rub with mutton fat and wrap in brown paper before putting away.

Rusty Irons

Can be made smooth and bright if rubbed on a board thickly sprinkled with white sand.

Five Hints on Polishing Furniture.

Remove the Dust

Thoroughly before starting to polish.

For the Crevices

Use a small stick covered with cloth, or a brush

Should There Be

Any greasiness, wash with vinegar and water before polishing.

Use Very Little

Polish and apply on a pad of flannel or soft linen.

Be Provided

With a second duster with which to hold the furniture while polishing.

Special Spring Cleaning Hints.

When Polishing Floors

Make a thick pad of felt or velvet and fix it over an old worn-out and hairless broom. This makes an excellent polisher and saves the trouble of kneeling on the floor.

To Remove Smoke Marks from Ceilings,

Mix a thick paste of starch and water, and with a clean flannel spread it over the mark. All to get thoroughly dry, then brush off with a soft brush and the marks will have disappeared.

When Cleaning Mirrors and Windows

Sprinkle a few drops of metal polish upon a cloth and rub over the glass. Leave to dry, then polish with a clean cloth. This is the quickest and easiest way to clean them.

Before Sweeping the Carpets

Take an old round tin, pierce holes in the bottom, and fill with common salt. Sprinkle this over the carpet. It prevents the dust from rising, brightens the colours, and prevents moths.

To Clean Marble,

Rub with a slice of lemon dipped in salt. Leave for an hour, then wash off. All stains will be removed and a nice gloss secured.

To Clean Varnish and Paint

Rub with a cloth dipped in a weak solution of vinegar and warm water. Polish with a wash leather.

To Clean Gilt Picture Frames,

Put a gill of vinegar into a pint of soft, cold water. Remove all dust from the frames, dip a large camel's-hair brush in the mixture, squeeze it partly dry, then brush the gilt, doing a small portion at a time.

—For the five best replies I will give Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Temper." *(See page 986.)*

The result of 50 years experience;—

Bourville

the Cocoa de luxe!

7½d. per ¼ lb tin

Cadbury

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If you are under 40, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. No appliances, no drugs, no dieting. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my wonderful system.—ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height (Dept. P.W.), 17 Broad Green Rd., London, N.

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ALL THE CHARM OF THE FAMOUS LILY CARAMEL WITH THE ADDITION OF HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATE.

REALLY DELICIOUS. TRY A 4-LB. ON YOUR WAY HOME TO-NIGHT.

SEE THE NAME "CLARNICO" ON THE BOTTOM OF EVERY PIECE.

CLARNICO LILY CARAMELS

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MADE BY

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VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 39 & 40 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

CASH IN COMPETITIONS.—"Middles" and all other Competitions, 6d. each; three 1/-, three weekly, one month, 3/-. Stamped envelopes.—Editor (late judge "Umpire" and "Ideas," and frequent prize-winner), 64 Rumford Street, Cross-St., Manchester.

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CYCLE COVERS, guaranteed, 3/6. Tubes, 2/-. Cycles, Accessories. Sale lists.—Gorton, Manufacturer, Wolverhampton.

STAMMERING CURED at Home.—I cured myself. I can cure you. Fees moderate.—E. E. Barker, 360 Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham.

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YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 80 Aldersgate Street, London.

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If you are 'run-down' and 'out of sorts' and your vitality is at a low ebb—let Wincarnis (the wine of life) give you *new* health, *new* vigour, *new* vitality, and *new* life. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wincarnis.' All Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists sell it. Will you try just one bottle?

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ESTD 1855.

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Produce perfect Lawns, Golf Greens, Tennis Courts and Bowling Greens

SOLD BY ALL IRONMONGERS.

Please write for List No. 75.

THOMAS GREEN & SON Ltd., Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS, and New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

Columns of Information

"THE TERROR BY NIGHT."

EASTER has almost come round again. And when you comfortably ensconce yourself into your corner seat of the train that is going to take you for your little jaunt to the seaside or country, you will have in your hands—at least I hope you will—the best Easter number of *P.W.* that has ever been published.

In the first place I've been fortunate to secure from the pen of the author of "Decoyed to Siberia," the best airship story I've read, and when one thinks of such stories as "War in the Air" and "The Syren of the Skies," I realise that I am giving my new story very high praise. Its title is "The Terror by Night," and I may say at once that it is not a nightmarish, alarmist story in any sense of the term. It is teeming with vivid incidents written in so quietly convincing a manner that one realises at once that the author has a knowledge of his subject that compels attention and respect. The story is bound to create a lot of discussion, and I'm proud to think it is appearing in the pages of *P.W.*

TWO "TOP-NOTCH" SERIES.

DID you know that kings and queens have their boots soled and heeled the same as you and I? They do. This is one of the many interesting facts related by Mr. Samuel Bulley, who for thirty years has served our Royal Household and the British nobility with foot wear, in a series of articles that will start in the Easter number, under the title of "Confessions of the King's Bootmaker," Mr. Bulley has all sorts of interesting stories to tell, such as seldom come to the ears of the public.

Another series that starts in my Double Number is the "Reminiscences of Miss Maud West," the most famous lady detective living. Miss West is a very clever and plucky woman whom wrong-doers have good cause to remember. Some of her cases have been most remarkable. Miss West has never written for any paper before, so her recollections will show an entirely new side of detective work.

There are lots of other good things in this Double Number that I haven't space to talk about here. They all go to make up what I believe is my best Easter issue. By the way, this Double Number is on sale next Thursday.

WHY THE WATCH STOPPED.

IN a recent Footline Contest I asked lady readers "Why did the watch stop?" and the replies include many of the smartest we have had for a long, long time.

One reason why the watch stopped is: "'Works having failed as 'a going concern' and 'hands' idle—all waiting the 'winding up.'"

Another reply is "Because even though it was 'gun' metal it objected to being 'popped' so often."

A Coventry lady says the watch stopped "Because it objected to the 'fast' 'goings on.'"

From Stockport comes the reply, "Because it was sadly neglected and its case was a hard one."

A Scottish lady says, "Because, being a 'good going concern,' it wasn't 'wound up.'"

WHAT WINNERS SAY.

"IF I wired saying you had won £300 in 'Middles,' what telegram would you send in reply?" This was the question I asked in a recent Footline Contest. The number of entries received in this competition makes me think all my readers must have their wires already written out.

Here are three wires which "Footliners" say they will send when they win our £300 "Middles" Prize:

"My ambition has long been 'centred' on winning a 'Middle.' Many thanks."

"Having won 'Middle,' shall now put on 'side.'"

"Your 'wire' has 'electrified' whole 'system.' 'Train' of thought running 'express' already."

I think the last one is particularly good. Whose system would not be electrified on receiving a wire saying they had won £300? Don't you think yours would?

The results of Footline Contests appear on page 977.

DO LIKEWISE.

IN sending three shillings to the Fresh Air Fund, K. H. C. writes the following interesting letter:

"It may interest you to know that the inclosed sum is the result of receiving one of your free gift cards.

"A few weeks back I was stopped by one of your representatives who politely handed me a gift card for carrying *Pearson's Weekly* in my hand. Out of the twelve gifts to choose from I selected a safety razor. Up till then I had never shaved myself, but since its arrival I have never troubled a barber to shave me. I adopted the idea of dropping twopence in a box each time I shaved, just to see how much money your razor would save me. But after reading the article entitled 'A Tale of Two Peters,' in last week's issue, I was very much impressed, and decided to send the contents of my box to give Peter and other unfortunate kiddies a day in the country."——

Bravo, K. H. C. If every reader who has received one of our safety razors followed your example, we should be able to send a record number of children away this year.

By the way, we are offering six safety razors this week in the Footline Competition, on page 966.

CAN ANY READER HELP?

SELDOM has a more pathetic letter reached me than the one from CLERK.

CLERK is thirty-five years of age, married, and has a family of seven. For thirteen years he acted as book-keeper and cashier. "At a time of great stress," he adds, "owing to illness in the house, I made use of a sum of money belonging to my firm, and before I could put the money back the shortage was discovered and I was dismissed.

"I am prepared to do any sort of work to earn an honest penny. I am well educated, sober and quiet-living, and all I ask for is a start, even on the lowest rung of the ladder. I have answered hundreds of advertisements, but as soon as my one false step is known my chance of work disappears."——

It is not often I use my column for letters of this sort, but for the sake of CLERK'S seven children I cannot let his letter pass without inquiring if any reader, knowing the circumstances, can help him?

It is not charity CLERK wants, but work, just a chance to retrieve his lost character and save his family from the workhouse.

If any reader can help this unfortunate man I will be glad to forward letters to him. Please mark envelopes "Clerk" in top left-hand corner.

A PUGILISTIC NOTE.

DOUBTER wants to know if we really keep a fighting editor.——

Bring in a spring poem, DOUBTER, and see.

THEY ALL READ IT.

LEFT OUT is the wife of a *Pearson's Weekly* enthusiast. She happens also to be a member of a rather large family and they all read it. As she says:

"There's dad with the 'Middles,'
And mother with 'Hints,'
And brother with 'Footlines' and 'Pincher,'
While sister is busy with 'Dressmaker's Page,'
'How to use up old things in the winter';
And grandfather wants just the 'Knowledge Tests' bit,
While grandmother's reading the serial,
There's uncle likes 'Picture Pars,' aunty the 'Quips,'
And sonny the Football material."——

Well, LEFT OUT, you have still got the editor's page to yourself, as well as all the articles and short stories, so you are not left out so much as you think. Besides, I am sending you a Blue Bird brooch which will cheer you up every time you wear it, and make the rest of the family envious. But isn't *Pearson's Weekly the* family paper, eh?

OUR KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

IN response to thousands of our readers, we have now published in book form at 1s., under the title of "Everyday Phrases Explained," a large number of phrases which have appeared in our Knowledge Tests competition.

This unique book contains a large collection of curious words and phrases together with their meanings and origins. In view of the many appreciative letters we have received, this book is sure of a ready welcome.

DON'T BE WITHOUT A COPY.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on post cards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, March 25th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,
including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland while **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants on railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) was all not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonths' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m. Saturday, March 15th, 1913, until midnight, Saturday, March 22nd, 1913.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

A Genuine Rupture Cure Sent On Trial To Prove It.

Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer.

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced an Appliance for Men, Women, and Children That Actually Cures Rupture.

If you have tried almost everything else come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day, and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance, and giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen my illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill in free coupon below and post to-day. It's well worth your time, whether you try my Appliance or not.

Every Ruptured Person Should Know of Your Appliances.

Llangan Villa, Nr. Whitland, Carmar.
June 17, 1912.

I am pleased to say that my husband is quite cured of his rupture since wearing your Appliance. He has left off wearing it now, and feels all right. I have strongly recommended them to many, and feel that every ruptured person should know of your Appliance and the good it has done after suffering with worthless trusses. We would be pleased to answer any question to anyone enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. (Mrs.) D. WILLIAMS.

People Say a Miracle Has Taken Place.

15 Brook Street, Hay, Hereford.
April 26, 1911.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I am more than thankful to tell you that during the five weeks my sister has been wearing the Appliance she has had no pain whatever, and she is now able to go for walks. On Good Friday she walked out to the cemetery, which is out of the town, where she had not been for twelve years. She also sleeps and eats well, and is altogether a different person—people say a miracle has taken place. We both feel we cannot find words to express our thanks to you for your Appliance. Please use this letter if you wish. I shall do all I can to recommend your Appliance wherever possible, as it gives the greatest ease and comfort. I am, yours very truly.
(Signed) Nurse M. PARMEE.

A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

69 Oxford Road, Macclesfield.
June 5, 1912.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir,—After a year's wearing of your famous Rupture Appliance, I can find no words to express my admiration of such an excellent invention and the benefit I have derived from its use. All you claim for it in your book, and all that your clients have said in its favour in their printed testimonials, I can fully bear out and confirm from personal experience. I am sure that hundreds of your Appliances would be instantly ordered if the unfortunate sufferers only knew of its existence. For my part I feel that you deserve the universal gratitude of mankind for inventing such a cheap and infallible remedy for so widespread a complaint, and you are perfectly free to make what use you please of what I say in this letter.
Yours faithfully, ELLEN JARRETT.

The above is C. E. BROOKS, inventor of the Appliance, who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him to-day.

8-Weeks-Old Baby Perfectly Cured.

27 New Street, Littshill, Staffs.
February 12, 1912.

I now take great pleasure in thanking you for the Appliance, as it has been a perfect cure for my little boy. He was only eight weeks old when I tried the Appliance, and is now perfectly cured at six months. I shall certainly recommend your Appliance as being a perfect cure. Thanking you greatly for what you have done for me. Mrs. SMITH.

Trusses Were No Earthly Use.

High Street, Seal, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.
July 18, 1912.

I should like to say that I find great comfort in wearing your Appliance. I never thought I should have been able to take up my occupation as blacksmith again. Trusses were no earthly use to me, and caused me great pain, but now I can go to my work with ease, and feel quite safe. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Appliance to those I come into contact with, suffering from hernia. THOS. COLLISON.

Doctor Said It Was Extraordinary.

Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.
December 14, 1911.

I am pleased to say that Appliance requires no renewal or alteration, for it has done its work, and has been put away in hope that it may not be required again. I went to see my doctor last night, and he would not believe it until he had seen it, and he said it was extraordinary. This cure has been in spite of a chronic cough, which always seemed to be right on the bowel, and made a cure seem impossible. You may use my testimonial, but only under nom-de-plume.
A MIDLAND PARSON
(Name given on application.)

I Have No Pain Whatever.

Hungate End Farm, Hanslope,
Stony Stratford, Bucks.
July 28, 1912.

I received Appliance five months ago, and am pleased to say that since wearing it I have had no pain whatever, which is wonderful after having suffered for years. You can make what use you like of this letter. P. TUCKER.

Perfectly Cured at 74.

Jubilee Homes, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
May 30, 1912.

To Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—I, Henry Salter, have much pleasure in saying that I am perfectly satisfied with the Rupture Appliance. You are welcome to use my name where the British flag flies, and all other nations on the face of the globe. Dear sir, I cannot thank you enough for relieving my suffering. I shall recommend you to any of my friends. I am pleased to say it is a permanent cure.
I remain, yours obediently,
HENRY SALTER.

P.S.—My age is 74 years, perfectly cured.

Can Do My Work With Ease.

Ashley Grange, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.
April 19, 1912.

Having worn your Appliance for fourteen months, I think it my duty to acknowledge that it has given great satisfaction. It causes no pain or inconvenience, and I would not be without it. I can do my work with ease. I must thank you for the kindness and straightforward manner you dealt with me. Shall do all in my power to recommend you to friends around me who suffer from rupture. You can make what use you like of my letter, and I shall be only too pleased to answer any letters from those who would like to know about the Appliance. A. BROWN.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market to-day, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads used in common trusses, it is not so cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All the materials of which the Appliances are made are of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon to day.

Remember:

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill in free coupon below and post to day.

If in London, call at my Consulting Rooms.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

C. E. BROOKS, 442F, BANK BUILDINGS (Corner of Portugal Street), KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

.....
(Please write plainly.)

FIRST PRIZE £300

SECOND PRIZE £50

THIRD PRIZE £25

400 OF 5/- BIGGER CONSOLATION PRIZES. **1,000 OF 2/6**

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with either of the two middle letters in heavy type in the list opposite, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the word "HEADER," the centre letters of which are "A" and "D." Use, say, the letter "D" as the initial for the first word and, say, "S" and "G" for the second and third and we get "DRIVEN STRAIGHT—GOAL." Or, using the same word "HEADER," we could use the letter "A" as initial for our first word and say "S" for the second word and we get "AWFUL SPLASH."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

READ THE NEW CONDITIONS.

GRIP	GENEROUS	FLOGGING	GENTLE PUSH	BABY'S BOTTLES
HEARTY	DYED HAIR	MONOTONOUS	RIGHT STUFF	DEAR DEPARTED
COSTER	NONSENSE	INSANITY	GREAT RISKS	LITTLE MARY
NOTION	NOODLE	GRUMPY	ENGLISH CUP	CARPET TACK
NUGGET	BACK DOOR	PAID UP	EXTRAVAGANCE	LEADING ACTOR
MOTIVE	GOOD FORM	MORTAR	MAD WOMAN	DINNER BELL
KNUT	COWARDLY	NUPTIALS	FALSE TEETH	WIDOW'S MITE
HEADER	MID DAY	VILE PLOT	PRISON BARS	SMASHED WINDOWS

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.

2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and black lead pencil cannot be accepted.

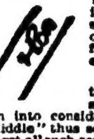
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 58," in the top left-hand corner.

5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, March 25th.

6. There are two entry forms, you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.

7. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one entry form the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.



8. The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided amongst all such senders.

9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

12. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

<........................ *Cut across here* ....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 58.

58	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

<........................ *Cut across here* ....>

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 58.

58	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLES."
	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 54.

FIRST PRIZE, £225.

The first prize of £225 has been awarded to:

P. GREGORY, 58 Killyon Rd., Larkhall Rise, Clapham, S.W., for the "Middle":

"STAGE HEROES"—"HITS" SECURE "RUNS."

The second prize of £50 has been awarded to:

JAMES HORAN, 77 Bower Rd., Sheffield, for the "Middle":—

"FALSE HAIR"—EARLIER LOSSES "RECOVERED."

The third prize of £25 has been awarded to:

J. BLACKSHAW, 6 Gladstone St., Great Moor, Stockport, for the "Middle":—

"ATTRACTS ATTENTION"—AIRMAN "AIR-CUTTING."

1,000 PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

Ablitt, H. T., East Medina, Newport, I.O.W.
Adams, F. A., Greville St., Mullingar, Ireland.
Aitken, J., Strathavon Cabin, Slamannan, Stirlingshire.
Alcock, F., 62 Nelson St., Scarborough.
Aldridge, W., Mayhall Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth.
Alexander, E., 16 Falconer St., Newcastle-on-T.
Allan, J., 48 Broomlands, Paisley.
Allen, E. A., 25 Latimer Rd., Godalming.
Allen, Miss I., 1 Northampton St., Bath.
Allen, Mrs. M., Khein, Nile Rd., Southampton.
Allen, S. J., Bamford St., Marehay, Derby.
Almond, F. A., 345 Gidlow Lane, Wigan.
Anderson, F., 369 New City Rd., Glasgow.
Anderson, G. W., Broomfield Place, Headingley.
Annan, C., 26 Pather St., Wishaw.
Appleby, J., 40 Navarino Mans., Dalston Lane, London.
Appleton, A., 4 Princess Terr., Rosamond St., Hull.
Appleton, Minnie E., City Isolation Hospital, Bagthorpe, Nottingham.
Archbold, W., 127 Grafton St., St. Helens, Lancs.
Archer, P. H., 110 Marine Parade, Brighton.
Archer, W., 27 Madison Ave., Belfast.
Arkinstall, H., 3rd New House, George Rd., Gravelly Hill.
Armitage, R. W., Overton-on-Dee, Ellesmere, Flints.
Artis, W., Northern Dist. P.O., London, N.
Ashbee, V. C., Fernleigh Hse., Trowbridge, Wilts.
Ashton, M. C., Arcade Bldgs., Fishergate, Preston.
Askwith, R., Chilton Lodge, Speen, Newbury.
Asquith, G., 29 Victoria Cres., Barnsley, Yorks.
Atherton, J., 90 Derwentwater Rd., Gateshead.
Atkinson, H., 47 Cranmer Rd., Nottingham.
Attewell, C., 21 Gt. Southsea St., Southsea.
Aubon, W., Clyde Terr., Russell St., Nottingham.
Aulton, Mrs., Tutbury, Burton-on-Trent.
Axten, W. E., 55 Alfred St., Southampton.
Bailey, J. W., Mirfield, Alexandra Rd., Leicester.
Baird, R., 18 Ardgowan St., Kingston, Glasgow
Baker, A. J., Beech Cottage, Hadleigh, Essex
Baker, E. E., 30 Lawrence Rd., Bow E.
Bale, Mrs., 21 Froghall Lane, Warrington, Lancs.
Barber, H. R., 4 Hall St., Chelmsford, Essex.
Bargan, F. W., 8 Teresa Terr., Coatham, Redcar
Barker, A., 18 Steil Rd., Fairfield, L'pool.
Barker, R., 135 Brompton St., Oldham.
Barlow, E., 23 Dundonald St., Stockport.
Bartlett, Miss F., Angel Hill, Tiverton, Devon.
Bateman, J. H., Mentone, Cowes.
Batey, J. A., Stanley Rd., Earlsdon, Coventry.
Bavenstock, P., Lyceum Theatre, W.C.
Baxter, G., 33 Inge Ave., Skipton, Yorks.
Bayly, D., Windermere, Dunmow, Essex.
Beard, S. G., 29 Salisbury Rd., Grays.
Beck, J., Rosedale, Pemberton Rd., E. Molesey.
Beckham, Miss J., Beverstone Rd., Thornton Hth.
Becks, W. H., Rothwell, Northampton.
Beel, G., Charles St., Spennymoor, Durham.
Bell, G. A., Upper Hanover St., Sheffield.
Bell, Miss H., 16 Kemp St., Hamilton.
Bell, T., 5 Leo Ave., N. C. Rd., Dublin.
Bellingham, A., 80 Bullar Rd., Southampton.
Benn, G. E., 3 Haddon Rd., Leeds.
Benn, Mrs., Prestons, St. John's Rd., Sevenoaks.
Bennett, P., Mainsforth Row, Ferryhill St., Co. Durham.
Berger, A., 181 Newport Rd., Middlesbrough.
Berrington, H. O., Desford, Leicester.
Bertram, G., 47 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.
Betts, E. J., 136 Pollokshaws Rd., Glasgow.
Betts, W. A., 77 Hurst St. Oxford.
Beveridge, R., Ferguson's Bldgs., Innerleven, Methil.
Bewley, J., 45 West Bank Rd., Birkenhead.
Bingham, C. S., Spencer Terr., Lipson Rd., Plymouth.
Birtles, T., Laurel Bank, Lime Grove, Newark-on-Trent.
Bishop, Elsie, 408 London Rd., Sheffield.
Blaine, B., 9 Highland Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent.
Blake, Mrs. G., West St., Steeple Claydon, Buckingham.
Bland, Miss M., 8 Pond Cottage, Dulwich, S.E.
Bland, W., 14 Hound Rd., W. Bridgford, Nottingham.
Blenkins, F., 8 Beacon Rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Blythe, F., Oakleigh Grove, Lr. Bebington, Birkenhead.
Boak, J., 6 Arthur St., Redcar, Yorks.
Boatwright, F. W., 128 Cambridge Rd., Kilburn, N.W.
Bokenham, M. C., Southwold, Suffolk.
Bolton, A. T., Providence Cottage, Ugglebarnley, Yorks.
Borth, E., 179 Bolton Rd., Blackburn, Lancs.
Booth, J. E., 7 California St., Morley, Yorks.
Boutcher, E. N., Kenmure, Priestlands, Romsey.
Bowers, Miss E., Markham Ave., Potternewton, Leeds.
Boycott, W. J., Thorpe St. Andrew, Norwich.
Boyson, J., Eden Bridge, Kent.
Bramble, J. W., Beaulieu, Brackenhurst, Hants.
Bramwell, Corp. R., 2nd Scots Guards, Wellington Bks., London.
Brackenburg, Mrs. L., Sunnyside, Hillmorton, nr. Rugby.
Bradbury, H. D., Osborne Grove, Lightcliffe, Halifax.
Bragg, G., Rose Cottage, Wadeford, Chard.
Brain, C., Stanton Harcourt, Eynsham, S.O., Oxon.
Brearley, E., 37 Park St., Alfreton, Derbys.
Brett, F., Bexhill Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Briddick, G., Primrose Hill, Bishop Auckland.
Bridger, W., 32 Ongar Rd., Fulham, S.W.
Bright, F. H., Clifton, Burgess St., Southampton.
Bromley, A., 55 Bright St., Wolverhampton.
Brooks, D., 5 Allan's Bldgs., Leonard St., E.C.
Brown, A., 1 Park Lane., Park Village, Wolverhampton.
Brown, C., 4 Cavendish Pl., Newport, I.O.W.
Brown, E., Parkwood Cotts., Walton-on-the-Hill, Epsom.
Brown, H. J., Park Lodge, Clevedon.
Brown, Cr.-Sergt. W., St. Martin's Arsenal, Jersey, C.I.
Bruce, Alf., 30 St. Bride's Rd., Egremont, Ches.
Bruce, J. C., 35 Iona St., Leith.
Bruce, T., 9 Coldstream Terr., Cardiff.
Brune, H. W., Valley Rd., Chandler's Ford, Southampton.
Bryant, T. T., 24 St. James Rd., Derby.
Buckton, Mrs. J., Corn Mill, Brent Knoll, Som.
Bullen, W. J., 24 Whitsea St., Peterborough.
Buller, Mrs. D., 5 Highbarrow Rd., E. Croydon.
Bullock, J. H., 36 Sadler St., Derby.
Burchell, Miss F., 20 Lr. Eldon St., York.
Burgess, C. J., Saddington, Leicester.
Burke, J., 62 Islington Row, Edgbaston, B'ham.
Burkitt, A., Town Hall, Brighton.
Burniston, H., 557 Leigh Rd., Southend-on-Sea.
Burrows, J., Victoria Pl., Penny St., Lancaster.
Burton, G., 63 Wallis St., Old Basford, Not'ham.
Burton, J., 20 Summer Hill, Frome, Som.
Burby, W. G., 5 High St., Buckingham.
Bultitude, W. J., 1 Gymnasium St., Ipswich.
Busby, W., 94 Water Side, North Lincoln.
Butcher, J., Netley Terr., Titchfield Com., Hants.
Butler, R., 11 Love Lane, Margate.
Butler, S. C., 2 Creffield Rd., Colchester.
Butters, R. W., 4 Albert Cres., Bury St. Eds.
Bye, G., Winchester St., Botley, Southampton.
Cadenhead, D. A., Westbank, Helensburgh, N.B.
Cage, J., Belvedere Villa, E. Barnet Rd., New Barnet, Herts.
Calladine, J. E., 68 Lord St., Macclesfield.
Camphill, W., 12 Fairlie Park Drive, Partick, Glasgow.
Campbell, W., 7 Dean Park, Newtongrange, Midlothian.
Cameron, J. J., 26 Cline St., North Shields.
Camlin, E. H., Oakley Farm, Ilchester, Som.
Carpenter, E., Berry's Farm, West Humble, nr. Dorking.
Carpenter, G., 28 Pearl St., Middlesbrough-on-Tees.
Carpenter, Mrs. S., 174 Upper Dawlish Rd., Bournbrook, B'ham.
Carr, A. L., Overstrand Rectory, Cromer, Norfolk.
Carswell, Mrs. A., Stanley St., Blyth.
Carver, A. D., 29 Prospect Rd., Southborough, Kent.
Catt, H., 11 The Village, Old Charlton.
Chambers, W., 9 Ray St., Huddersfield.
Champion, M. A., 79 High St., Margate.
Chapman, W. J., Endlesham Rd., Balham, S.W.
Chappell, W., 53 Queen St., Newton Abbot.
Charlton, Mrs. B., 186 Shrewsbury St., Manchester, S.W.
Chaytor, W., Eastfield, Radcliffe Rd., B...
Cherry, C. E., 401 Anlaby Rd., Hull.
Cheesman, T., 263 Uxbridge Rd., W.
Choate, A., Pumping Station, Byfleet.
Christall, W. E., 41 Latham St., K'dale, L'pool.
Chubb, J., Leeds Rd., Outwood, Wakefield.
Churcher, E. O., Grammar School, Henley.
Clark, G., Railway Terr., High Wycombe, Bucks.
Clark, G. F., Woodwells Rd., Ward End, B'ham.
Clark, S., Victoria Place, Overtown, Wishaw.
Clarke, A., 7 Chapel St., Ripley, Derby.
Clarkson, E., 10 Binns St., Bowling Back Lane, Bradford.
Clayton, W. T., 18 Oxford St., Darwen, L...
Cleghorn, G., Junr., 176 Park Rd., Wallsend-on-Tyne.
Clements, E. W., 18 St. John's Church Rd., Folkestone.
Clements, G. C., 54 Coy. A.S.C., Aldershot.
Cleves, A., 142 Carlisle St., Splott, Cardiff.
Clive, I. H., Holme Wykeham, West Malvern, Worcs.
Coates, J. W., Exchange Café, Morley, Yorks.
Cobby, J., 46 East Park, Crawley, Sussex.
Cole, W. J., High St., Upton on Severn.
Coleman, H. C., 3 Queen St., Dawlish.
Collins, H., Lay Clerk, King's Coll., Cambridge.
Conen, W., 32 Audley Rd., Hendon, N.
Condon, J., 4 Moore St. Market, Dublin.
Conner, B., 196 St. Vincent St., Glasgow.
Cook, C., 73 Beaufort St., Southend-on-Sea.
Cook, T. S., 110 Cyfarthfa St., Roath, Cardiff.
Cooke, G. H., Grove Lane, Handsworth, B'ham.
Coope, T. G., 4 Viceroy Rd., S. Lambeth.
Corbett, R. C., Gowan Bank, Barrhead, Renfrewshire.
Corker, G., Stapleton St., New Wortley, Leeds.
Cotes, Miss R., 24 Lackford Rd., Oxford.
Cottiell, T., Wharfedale House, W. Bromwich.
Couch, J., 244 Fawcett Rd., Southsea.
Coulson, J. A., 4 King St., Didsbury, M...
Coward, F., 11 Park Ave., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Cox, F., Broad Lane, Fillongley, Coventry.
Coxon, Mrs., Trent Villa, Queen's Rd., Nuneaton-worth, Warwicks
Crabb, J. A., 57 Philip Lane, Tottenham, N.
Crabtree, J., 7 Queen's Rd., Bromley.
Craig, Drummer, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, Shorncliffe Camp, Kent.
Crampton, W., 12 Endcliffe Rise Rd., Sheffield.
Croft, H., Stanley Rd., Marsden, Huddersfield.

(Remainder of names omitted owing to lack of space. A complete list can, however, be seen at the offices of "Pearson's Weekly.")

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